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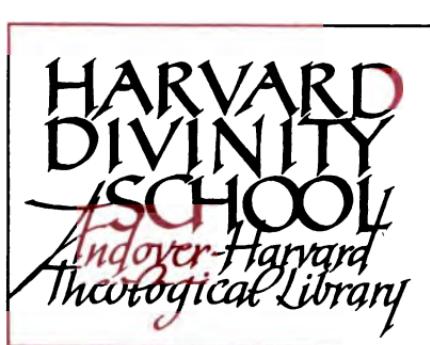
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1

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H Y M N S

OF

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A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
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1875.

*General Synod of the Reformed Church in Am
In Session at Philadelphia, June, 1864.*

"It was Resolved,

*"That the General Synod approves and authorizes the book entitled 'Hymns
Church,' and recommends it to all churches, families, and individuals."*

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Southern District of New York.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS hymnal is designed for use in closet and family worship ;
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Christian hymns, whose careful selection is the result of years of
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tors cannot but cherish a sense of devout thankfulness to God for
the acceptance with which the book has been received. And with
the prayer that it may in yet larger degree be used to the honor of
Our Blessed Lord, and to the welfare and comfort of His people,
this new edition has, after careful revision, been issued.

ASHBEL G. VERMILYE.
WILLIAM J. R. TAYLOR.
ALEX. R. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, January, 1874.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father who art in heaven :

Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. AMEN

The Creed.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth :

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord ;

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary ;

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried ; I
descended into hell ;

The third day He rose again from the dead ;

He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Fa^{ther}
Almighty ;

From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost :

The Holy Catholic Church ; the communion of saints :

The forgiveness of sins :

The resurrection of the body :

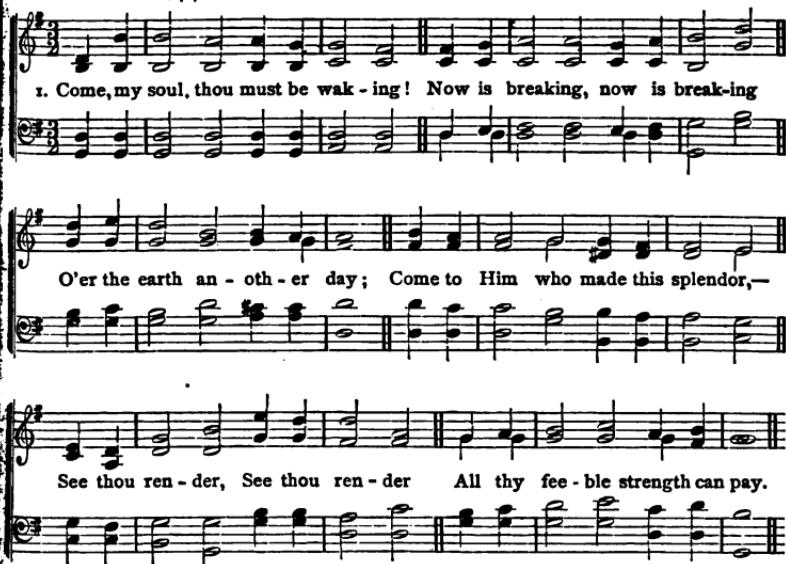
And the life everlasting. AMEN.

HYMNS OF PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Morning.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O LORD.—PSALM 5 : 3.

MATIN. 8,4,7.



1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing! Now is breaking, now is break-ing
O'er the earth an - oth - er day; Come to Him who made this splendor,—
See thou ren - der, See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.

1

2 Gladly hail the light returning,
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers ;
For the night is safely ended,
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey,
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendor breathing,
Fairer than the fairest day.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

2

2 Fresh hopes have wakened in our hearts,

Fresh energy to do our parts ;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore

A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.

3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,

Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4 O Lord of lights ! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts
Thine own ;

Though this new day with joy we see,
O Dawn of God, we cry for Thee !

5 Praise God, our Maker and our
Friend !

Praise Him through time, till time
shall end !

*Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through Heaven's great day of
Evermore !*

3

1 AWAKE, my soul, and
Thy daily stage of duty
Shake off dull sloth, an
To pay thy morning sa

2 Wake and lift up thyse
And with the angels be
Who, all night long, un
High praise to the Ete

3 Glory to Thee who safe
And hast refreshed me v
Grant, Lord, when I fro
wake,

I may of endless light]

4 Lord, I my vows to Th
Disperse my sins as m
Guard my first spring
and will,
And with Thyself my s

5 Direct, control, suggest
All I design, or do, or
That all my powers, w
might,
In Thy sole glory me

AMES. L. M.

1. O Je-sus, Lord of light and grace, Thou Brightness of the Father's face,
 2. Thou Fountain of e-ternal light, Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

4

2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Come in Thy radiance from above,
 And to our inward hearts convey
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 So we the Father's help will claim,
 And sing the Father's glorious
 Name,

And His Almighty grace implore
 That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,
 And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
 From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And guide us safely to the end.

5

1 FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labor to pursue ;
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
 Oh let me cheerfully fulfil :
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thy good and perfect
 will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes my inmost substance
 see ;
 And labor on at Thy command,
 And offer all my works to Thee.

6

1 New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove,
 Through sleep and darkness safely
 brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and
 thought.

2 If, on our daily course, our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless
 price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
 Room to deny ourselves ; a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
 Fit us for perfect rest above,
 And help us this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

DALLAS. 7s.

7

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad, Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all Thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove
Lord of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's Only Son ;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow ;
Hear, the world's Atonement Thou !
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
Take, oh take our sins away.

6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ !
Art with Thy great Fatl
One, the Holy Ghost wi
One supreme, eternal T

8

1 To Thy pastures fair an
Heavenly Shepherd,lead
And my couch, with ten
'Mid the springing gras

2 When I faint with sumn
Thou shalt guide my we
To the streams that, stil
Through the verdant me

3 Safe the dreary vale I tr
By the shades of death
With Thy rod and staff
This my guard, and tha

4 Constant to my latest e
Thou my footsteps shall
And shalt bid Thy hallo
Yield me an eternal ho

Evening.

Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.—PSALM 141: 2.

GRISWOLD. 7s.

9

2 Holy Lord, on Thee we call,
Guard us while the night dews fall,
Quiet may our slumber be,
Give us rest, O Lord, in Thee.
3 Lord, remember us, we pray,
Dwelling still in mortal clay,
Thou who our Defender art,
Dwell Thou ever in our heart.

10

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee !
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin !
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee !

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye !

11

1 Now with the declining sun
Day to night is passing on :
So doth mortal life descend
Swiftly to its destined end.
2 From the cross, Thine arms spread
wide,
Fold the world, O Crucified !
Help us love the cross ; in Thy
Dear embrace help us to die !
3 Glory to the Eternal One !
Glory to the Only Son !
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity !

HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes! Amen.

12

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to
 rest
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Oh by Thine own sad burthen, borne
 So meekly up the hill of scorn,
 Teach Thou my soul her daily cross
 To bear as Thine, nor count it loss.

5 If some poor wandering child of
 Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice di-
 vine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work be-
 gin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

6 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless
 store;
*Be every mourner's sleep to-night
 Like infants' slumbers, pure and
 light!*

13

1 REDEEMER of the world, we pray,
 Thou Who hast kept us safe to-day,
 Be Thou to-night our watch and
 ward,
 And evermore from evil guard.

2 Be present graciously to hear,
 And spare us as we pray in fear;
 Wash Thou our guilty stains away,
 Illume our darkness with Thy ray.

14

1 THROUGHOUT the hours of darkness
 dim,
 Still let us watch and raise the hymn;
 And in deep midnight's awful calm,
 Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm.

2 Amid the silence, else so drear,
 Think the Almighty leans to hear;
 Well pleased to list, at such a time,
 The wakeful heart, in praise sub-
 lime.

3 Still watch and pray, and raise the
 hymn,
 Throughout the hours of darkness
 dim! [guest,
 God will not spurn the humblest
 But give us of His holy rest.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;
2. Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own Al - might-y wings.

15

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and
Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh may my soul on Thee repose ;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close,
Sleep, that may me more vigorous
make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God from whom all blessings
flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here be-
low ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost !

16

1 ACCEPT, my God, my evening song,
Like incense let it fragrant rise ;
Stir up my heart, and tune my
tongue,
And let the music reach the skies.

2 Thou hast my kind Protector been
Through all the dangers of the
day ;
My Guardian to defend from sin,
My Guide to choose me out my
way.

3 What have I done for Him that died
To save my soul from endless woe ?
How much have I His patience tried
From Whom all my enjoyments
flow !

4 Dear Saviour, to Thy cross I'll fly,
And there my guilty head recline,
And my whole soul, that sin may
die,
Yield up to influence divine !

5 Then, sprinkled with atoning blood,
I'll lay me down and take my rest,
Trust the protection of my God,
And sleep as on my Saviour's
breast.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening bless-ing Ere re-pose our eye-lids seal;

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

17

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround
us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and
dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'er-
take us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless
bloom.

18

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's
shade;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;

Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile
regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since with firm and pure affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

19

1 Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night
May the Sun which ever shineth,
Fill our souls with heavenly light

2 While Thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant Thine evening bless
ing,
Fold us safe beneath Thy wing

EVEN SONG. 8s & 7s.

20

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the dark-
ness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest !

21

1 **CHEERFUL** Light of holy glory,
Christ, the Eternal Father's Son !
At the sunset we adore Thee,
Holy, Heavenly, Blessed One !

2 As the vesper light falls o'er us,
And forth come the heavenly host,
God, to Thee we sing in chorus,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

3 Thou art worthy, now and ever,
Of glad voices praising Thee;
Son of God, of life the Giver,
Let the world Thy glory see.

22

1 **PEACE** be to this habitation !
Peace to all that dwell therein ;
Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin :

2 Peace, that speaks the heavenly
Giver ;
Peace, to worldly minds un-
known ;
Peace divine, that lasts forever ;
Peace, that comes from God alone.

3 Prince of Peace, be present near us ;
Fix in all our hearts Thy home ;
With Thy gracious presence cheer
us ;
Let Thy sacred kingdom come.

4 Raise to Heaven our expectation ;
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. O Lord, an - oth - er day has flown, And we, a lone - ly band,
Are met once more be - fore Thy throne, To bless Thy fost-ering hand.

2 And wilt Thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to
hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt
deign,
As we before Thee pray;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 Oh, let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

24

1 LORD, when we bend before Thy
throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from
Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in
prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms
share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness
still
That grants it or denies.

25

1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies
were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we
would,
Accept our heart's desire.

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

2. O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
 Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led:

26

1 Our vows, our prayers, we now pre-
 sent
 Before Thy throne of grace ;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
 2 Through each perplexing path of
 life
 Our wandering footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
 3 Oh, spread Thy covering wings
 around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.
 Such blessings from Thy gracious
 hand
 Our humble prayers implore ;
 And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
 Our Portion evermore.

27

To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
 From thence expecting aid ;
 From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
 Who heaven and earth has made.
 Thou, then, my soul, in safety rest ;
 Thy Guardian will not sleep ;

His watchful care, that Israel guards,
 Will thee in safety keep.

3 Sheltered beneath the Almighty's
 wings,
 Thou shalt securely rest,
 Where neither sun nor moon shall
 thee,
 By day or night, molest.
 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
 Thy God shall thee defend,
 Conduct thee through life's pil-
 grimage
 Safe to thy journey's end.

28

1 O God, that madest earth and sky,
 The darkness and the day,
 Give ear to this Thy family,
 And help us when we pray !
 2 The cross our Master bore for us,
 For Him we fain would bear ;
 But mortal strength to weakness
 turns,
 And courage to despair.
 3 Then mercy on our failings, Lord !
 Our sinking faith renew !
 And when Thy sorrows visit us,
 Oh send Thy patience too !

EVENTIDE. 10s.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - e
 Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - fo
 flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me! A - me.

29

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me !

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

5 Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

GRANT US THY PEACE.

1. Saviour, again to Thy } Name we | raise, || { With one accord, our } hymn of | praise;
 dear..... Name we | raise, || { With one accord, our } hymn of | praise;
 dear.....

We stand to bless } wor-ship|cease,|| { Then, lowly kneel- } word of | peace.|| A-men.
 Thee, ere our... } wor-ship|cease,|| { Then, lowly kneel- } word of | peace.|| A-men.

30

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our | homeward | way;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall | end this | day;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the | hearts from | shame,
 That in this house have called up- | on Thy | Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the | coming | night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness | into | light;
 From harm and danger keep Thy | children | free,
 For dark and light are both a- | like to | Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our | earthly | life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our | stay in | strife;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our | conflict | cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine e- | ternal | peace.

31

1 ABIDE in me, O Lord, and | I in | Thee,
 From this good hour, oh leave me | never- | more;
 Then shall the discord cease, the | wound be | healed,
 The life-long bleeding of the | soul be | o'er.

2 Abide in me; o'ershadow | by Thy | love
 Each half-formed purpose and dark | thought of | sin;
 Quench ere it rise each selfish, | low de- | sire,
 And keep my soul as Thine, calm | and di- | vine.

3 As some rare perfume, in a | vase of | clay,
 Pervades it with a fragrance | not its | own,
 So, when Thou dwellest in a | mortal | soul,
 All heaven's own sweetness seems a- | round it | thrown.

BRADEN. S. M.

1. The day, O Lord, is spent; A - bide with us, and rest;
 Our hearts' de - sires are ful - ly bent On mak - ing Thee our Guest!

32

2 We have not reached that land,
 That happy land, as yet,
 Where holy angels round Thee
 stand,
 Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now;
 Our day is almost o'er;
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore !

33

1 My spirit on Thy care,
 Blest Saviour, I recline ;
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
 For Thou art Love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
 On Thee I calmly rest ;
 I know Thee good, I know Thee
 just,
 And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
 Thy will they all perform ;
 Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
 Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me ;
 Secure of having Thee in all,
 Of having all in Thee.

34

1 BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
 That taught us this sweet way,
 Only to love Thee for Thyself.
 And for that love obey.

2 O Thou, our souls' chief Hope !
 We to Thy mercy fly ;
 Where'er we are, Thou canst pro-
 tect,
 Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
 To Thee we both resign ;
 By night we see, as well as day,
 If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
 Both we submit to Thee ;
 In death we live, as well as life,
 If Thine in death we be.

CLARK. 6,4,6.

35

2 As Christ upon the Cross
 His head inclined,
 Into His Father's hands
 His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
 Would wholly give,
 Into His sacred charge,
 In Whom all spirits live:

4 So now beneath His eye
 Would calmly rest,
 Without a wish or thought
 Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done;
 Whate'er betide;
 Dead to herself; and dead
 In Him, to all beside.

6 Thus would I live:—yet now
 Not I, but He,
 In all His power and love
 Henceforth alive in me!

7 One sacred Trinity,
 One Lord divine,
 May I be ever His,
 And He for ever mine! Amen.

The Lord's Day.

This is the day which the LORD hath made; we will rejoice and be g
PSALM 118 : 24.

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the voice (soprano) and the bottom two are for the piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are as follows:

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His court
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter -

36

<p>2 While we pray for pardoning grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's Name, Show Thy reconciled face, Take away our sin and shame; <i>From our worldly cares set free,</i> <i>May we rest this day in Thee.</i></p>	<p>3 Here we come Thy Na Let us feel Thy pres May Thy glory meet o While we in Thy ho Here afford us, Lord, Of our everlasting fe</p>
--	---

ROUSSEAU. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Sad and weary were our way, Faint-ing oft be - neath our load,

2. But for thee, thou bless-ed day, Rest-ing - place on life's rough road!

3. Here flow forth the streams of grace, Strengthened hence we run our race.

37

2 Great Creator! Who this day
 From Thy perfect work didst rest;
 By the souls that own Thy sway
 Hallowed be its hours and blest;
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,
 This day given to Heaven alone!

3 Saviour! Who this day didst break
 The dark prison of the tomb;
 Bid my slumbering soul awake,
 Shine through all its sin and gloom:
 Let me, from my bonds set free,
 Rise from sin, and live to Thee!

4 Blesséd Spirit! Comforter!
 Sent this day from Christ on high;
 Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
 All Thine influence shed abroad,
 Lead me to the truth of God!

LISBON. S. M.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise ! Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes ! Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes !

38

2 The King Himself comes near,
 And feasts His saints to-day ;
 Here may we sit and see Him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

39

1 SING to the Lord our Might,
 With holy fervor sing ;
 Let hearts and instruments unite
 To praise our Heavenly King.

2 This is His holy house,
 And this His festal day,
 When He accepts the humblest vows
 That we sincerely pay.

3 We still, like them of old,
 Are in the wilderness ;
 And God is still as near His fold,
 To pity and to bless.

4 Then let us open wide
 Our hearts for Him to fill ;
 And He that Israel then supplied,
 Will help His Israel still.

40

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
 Thy glorious acts to sing,
 To praise Thy Name, and hear Thy
 word,
 And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice
 With those who love and serve Thee
 best,
 And in Thy Name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy
 Be every Sabbath given,
 That such may be our blest employ
 Eternally in heaven.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. Glad was my heart to hear My old com - pan - ions say,

Come, in the house of God ap - pear, For 'tis a ho - ly day. *A-men.*

41

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a
band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God ;
The Lord from heaven be kind to
them
That love the dear abode.

5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found !
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound !

6 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease ;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace !

42

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call Thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste Thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore ;
Not travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within Thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place ;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel Thy quickening grace.

4 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies ;
And on Thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

HURSLEY. L. M.

1. O Choir of New Je - ru - sa - lem, Of all your songs the sweet-est bring

To crown, as with a di - a-dem, This fes-tal day, the ris - en King ! Amen.

43

2 To-day the unconquered Lion see
Beneath His feet the dragon tread,
And with a voice of majesty
Arouse to life and light the dead !

3 See Jesus, from the grave, its prey
Long gathered, held with mighty
hand,
With mightier sinews take away,
And Victor o'er the tyrant stand.

4 Triumphant Saviour ! Mighty Lord !
Worthy of love and praise art Thou !
Made one by Thy redeeming word,
Lo, heaven and earth in worship
bow !

5 We praise Thy holy Name, and pray,
O Christ, our Leader glorious,
That in Thy heavenly palace may
Some humble place be found for us.

6 So now, and to eternity,
Father, be endless glory Thine !
Thine, Son of God ! Thine equally
O Holy Comforter Divine !

44

1 HOSANNA to the Living Lord !
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord, Thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord, Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim

4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee !

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt
away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinfu
stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise aga

GILEAD. L. M.



1. Oh, render thanks to God a - bove, The Fountain of e - ter - nal love,



Whose mer-cy firm thro' a - ges past Hath stood, and shall for .. ev - er last.



45

2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless !
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise !

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them
free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 Oh may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph
mine.

46

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house ;
And own as grateful sacrifice
*The songs which from the desert
rise !*

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we
love,

But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the
place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal
tongues :

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded
sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and
sin !
Fain would we leave this weary
road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

AUBURN. C. M.

1. Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first and best of
 days; The lab - orer's rest, the saint's de - light, A
 day of mirth and praise! A day of mirth.... and praise!

47

2 My Saviour's face did make thee
 shine,
 His rising did thee raise:
 This made thee heavenly and divine
 Beyond the common days.

3 The first-fruits do a blessing prove
 To all the sheaves behind;
 And they that do a Sabbath love
 A happy week shall find.

4 My Lord on thee His name did fix,
 Which makes thee rich and gay;
 Amidst His golden candlesticks
 My Saviour walks this day.

5 This day must I 'fore God appear,
 For, Lord, the day is Thine:
Oh let me spend it in Thy fear,
Then shall the day be mine.

48

1 THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
 And my Salvation, too;
 God is my Strength, nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires:
 Oh, grant me an abode
 Among the churches of Thy saints
 The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
 And see Thy beauty still;
 Shall hear Thy messages of love,
 And there inquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms ap
 pear,
 There may His children hide;
 God has a strong pavilion, where
 He makes my soul abide.

EVAN. C. M.

1. How lovely are Thy dwellings fair! O Lord of hosts, how dear
 The pleasant tab - er - na - cles are Where Thou dost dwell so near!

49

2 My soul doth long, and almost die,
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;

My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O Living God, for Thee.

3 Happy, who in Thy house reside,
 Where Thee they ever praise !

Happy, whose strength in Thee doth
 bide,
 And in their hearts Thy ways !

4 They journey on from strength to
 strength,

With joy and gladsome cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Zion do appear.

50

1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed Thy
 sheep

On this sweet day of rest ;
 Oh bless this flock, and make this
 fold

Enjoy a heavenly rest !

2 Welcome and precious to my soul
 Are these sweet days of love ;

But what a Sabbath shall I keep
 When I shall rest above !

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray ;
 Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace ;
 Here, in Thine own appointed way,
 I wait to see Thy face.

51

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quickening beams ;
 And yet how slow devotion burns,
 How languid are its flames !

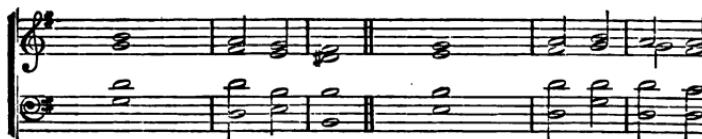
2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
 We would be like Thy saints above,
 And praise Thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 The Sabbath ne'er shall end :

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly
 air,
 With heavenly lustre shine,
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.

QUAM DILECTA.

PSAL



52

- 1 How amiable are Thy | taber- | nacles, || O | Lord — | of — |
- 2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the | courts | of the
My heart and flesh crieth out | for the | Living | God.
- 3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a
herself, where she may | lay her | young, || Even Thine :
Lord of hosts, my | King — | and my | God.
- 4 Blessed are they that dwell | in Thy | house : || They will be |
praising | Thee.
- 5 Behold, O | God our | Shield, || And look upon the | face of | I
nointed.
- 6 For a day in Thy courts is better | than a | thousand, || I had
a dōorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the
of | wicked- | ness.
- 7 For the Lord God is a | Sun and | Shield : || The Lord will gi
and glory: no good thing will He withhold from | the
walk up- | rightly.
- 8 O | Lord of | hosts, || Blessed is the | man that | trusteth in |
Glory be to the Father, &c.

LÆTATUS SUM.

PSALM



53

- 1 I WAS glad when they said | unto | me, || Let us go into the | h
of the | Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O Je- | ru — | sa -
- 3 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem : || They shall | prosp
love — | thee.
- 4 Peace be with- | in thy | walls, || And prosperity with- | in thy | p:
- 5 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, || I will now say, |
be with- | in thee.
- 6 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God, || I will | seek —
good.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

Jesus Christ our Lord.

Advent.

The Desire of all nations shall come.—HAGGAI 2 : 7.

DOVER. S. M.

1. The Ad - vent of our God Our prayers must now em - ploy,
And we must meet Him on His road, With hymns of ho - ly joy.

54

- 2 The Everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be :
 Himself a servant's form puts on,
 To set His people free.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, rise,
 And greet thy lowly King,
 And do not wickedly despise
 The mercies He will bring.
- 4 As Judge, in clouds of light,
 He will come down again,
 And all His scattered saints unite,
 With Him in Heaven to reign.
- 5 Before that dreadful day
 May all our sins be gone ;
 May the old man be put away,
 And the new man put on !

55

- 1 O SAVIOUR of our race,
 Welcome indeed Thou art,
 Blessed Redeemer, Fount of grace,
 To this my longing heart !
- 2 Light of the world, abide
 Through faith within my heart ;
 Leave me to seek no other guide,
 Nor e'er from Thee depart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, O Lord !
 Sole Light of life Thou art !
 Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
 In vain on my dark heart.
- 4 Star of the east, arise !
 Drive all my clouds away ;
 Guide me till earth's dim twilight
 dies
 Into the perfect day.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

1. Light of those whose drear-y dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades c
 Come, and by Thy love re - veal-ing, Dis - si - pate the clouds b

56

2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart.

4 Come, and manifest the favor
 God hath for our ransomed race ;
 Come, Thou glorious God and Sa-
 viour,
 Come, and bring the gospel-grace.

57

1 O'ER the distant mountains break-
 ing,
 Comes the reddening dawn of
 day ;
 Rise my soul, from sleep awaking,
 Rise, and sing, and watch, and
 pray :
 'Tis thy Saviour,
 On His bright, returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected, we
 Waits my anxious soul i
 Life is dark, and earth is d
 Where Thy light I do nc
 O my Saviour,
 When wilt Thou return

3 Long, too long, in sin and
 Far away from Thee, I p
 When, oh when shall I the
 Of Thy Spirit feel in mi
 O my Saviour,
 When shall I be wholly

4 Nearer is my soul's salvat
 Spent the night, the day
 Keep me in my lowly stati
 Watching for Thee, till]
 O my Saviour,
 In Thy bright and promi

5 With my lamp well-trim
 burning,
 Swift to hear, and slow i
 Watching for Thy glad ret
 To restore me to my ho
 Come, my Saviour,
 O my Saviour, quickly

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

58

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Dear Desire of every nation ;
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver ;
Born a Child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

59

1 HARK ! an awful voice is sounding !
"Christ is nigh !" it seems to say !
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day !"

2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from
heaven ;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

4 So, when next He comes, with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

MAGNIFICAT.

S. LUKE 1 : 46-



60

1 My soul doth magni- fy the | Lord,
And my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.
2 For He hath regarded the low estate of | His hand- | maiden :
For behold, from henceforth all gener- | ations shall | call me | bl
3 For He that is mighty hath done to me | great — | things,
And | holy | is His | name.
4 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him,
From gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.
5 He hath showed strength | with His | arm,
He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | nation | of their | hea
6 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats,
And exalted | them of | low de- | gree.
7 He hath filled the hungry with | good — | things,
And the rich He | hath sent | empty | a- | way.
8 He hath holpen His | servant | Israel,
In re- | membrance | of His | mercy.
9 As He spake to our fathers, to | Abra- | ham ;
And | to his | seed for | ever.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

BENEDICTUS.

S. LUKE 1 : 68-



61

1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel,
For He hath visited | and re- | deemed His | people ;
2 And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation | for us,
In the house | of His | servant | David ;
3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets,
Which have been | since the | world be- | gan ;
4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies,
And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

Mativity.

Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.
S. LUKE 2 : 11.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Saviour, prom- ised long; Let
ev - ery heart pre- prepare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song, And
And ev - ery voice a
ev - ery voice a song, And every, And ev - ery voice a song.
song, And ev - ery voice a song.

62

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
3 He comes, from thickest films of
vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

63

*Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;*

Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings
flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and
grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His Love.

PIERCE. C. M.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
 The An - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 "Fear not," said he,— for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind,
 "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.

64

2 "To you, in David's town, this day,
 Is born of David's line,
 The Saviour who is Christ, the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign :—
 'The Heavenly Babe you there shall
 find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing
 bands,
 And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the Seraph—and forth-
 with
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song :—
 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace ;
 Good-will henceforth from Heaven
 to men
 Begin, and never cease !"

ZERAH. C. M.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth o - b e y, Him all the hosts of heaven;
 Him shall the tribes of earth o - b e y, Him all the hosts of heaven.

65

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given ;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of
 Peace,
 For evermore adored ;
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord !
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall
 spread ;
 His reign no end shall know ;
 Justice shall guard His throne
 above,
 And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given ;
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The mighty Lord of heaven.

66

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 Down through the portals of the sky
 The impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew, with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
- 3 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song ;
 "Good-will and peace" is heard
 throughout
 The harmonious angel-throng.
- 4 With joy the chorus we repeat,—
 "Glory to God on high !"
 Good-will and peace are now com-
 plete ;
 Jesus is born to die !"

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

1. Oh come, all ye faithful, triumphant-ly sing! Come, see in ti-
man- ger the an-gels' dread King! To Beth-le-hem hast-en wi-
joy- ful ac-cord; Oh has-ten! oh, has-ten! to wor-ship ti-
Lord.... Oh hast-en! oh hast-en! to wor-ship the Lon-

67

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
The womb of the Virgin He doth not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord,
Oh hasten! oh hasten! to worship the Lord.

3 Oh hark, to the angels, all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest, all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord,
Oh hasten! oh hasten! to worship the Lord.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word!
Oh hasten! oh hasten! to worship the Lord.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



68

1 GLORY be to | God on | high, | and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, | we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



3 O Lord God, | Heavenly | King, | God the | Father | Al- — | mighty.

4 O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ ; | O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father,



5 That takest away the | sins | of the | world, | have mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins | of the | world, | have mercy | upon | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins | of the | world, | re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, | have mercy | upon | us.



9 For Thou / only | art | holy ; | Thou | only | art the | Lord ;

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, | art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. | A- | men.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say, Christ the Lord is born to-day!

3 Christ, by highest Heaven adored;
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb;

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel, here!

5 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of
Peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings;

6 Mild He lays His glory by
Born that man no more might;
Born to raise the sons of men,
Born to give them second birth.

7 O
1. COME, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us Thy humble home,
Rise, the Woman's conqueror,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

2 Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thee.

3 Adam's likeness, Lord, effane,
Stamp Thine image in its place,
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love!

4 Let us Thee, though lost, recover,
Thee, the Life, the Heaven's light,
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart.

69

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Formed in each believing heart.

Circumcision.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, His name was called JESUS.—S. LUKE 2: 21.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

1. Je - sus! Name of won - drous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove,
Name at which must ev - ery knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. ~

71

- 2 Jesus ! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall his people save."
- 3 Jesus ! Name of mercy mild
Given to the Holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.
- 4 Jesus ! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters and is saved.
- 5 Jesus ! Name of wondrous Love
Human Name of Him above ;
Pleading only this, we flee
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

72

- 1 'Tis for conquering kings to gain
Glory over myriads slain ;
Jesus ! Thy more glorious strife
Hath restored a world to life.
- 2 So no other Name is given
Unto mortals under Heaven,
Which can dying souls restore,
And give Life for evermore.
- 3 Gladly, for that blessed Name,
Bear the Cross, endure the shame !
Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death, but victory.
- 4 Dost Thou, Jesus, descend
To be called the sinner's Friend ?
Ours then it shall always be
Thus to make our boast of Thee

DOWNS. C. M.

1. How sweet the Name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er'

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his

73

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I
build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 By Thee, my prayers acceptance
gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband,
Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would Thy lov-
With every fleeting bre
And may the music of Th
Refresh my soul in dea

74

1 Oh for a thousand tongu-
My dear Redeemer's p:
The glories of my God ar
The triumphs of His g:

2 My gracious Master and
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all
abroad
The honors of Thy Na

3 Jesus! the Name that
fears,
That bids our sorrows
'Tis music to our ravishe
'Tis life, and health, an

4 He breaks the power of re
He sets the prisoner fr
His blood can make t
clean;
His blood availed for

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. Double.



1. Je-sus is the Name we treas-ure, Name be-yond what words can tell;



Name of gladness, Name of pleasure, Ear and heart de-light-ing well;



Name of sweet-ness pass-ing meas-ure, Sav-ing us from sin and hell.



75

2 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name ;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame :
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

3 Therefore we, in love adoring,
This most blessed Name revere ;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here.
That, hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

1. The an - cient Law de - parts, And all its ter - rors cease
 Je - sus makes with faith - ful hearts A cov - e nant of

76

1 THE ancient Law departs,
 And all its terrors cease ;
 For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
 A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Life Divine,
 True Brightness undefiled,
 He bears for us the shame of sin,
 A holy, spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine
 At which we bend the knee ;
 They call Thee Jesus, Child Divine !
 Our Jesus deign to be.

4 All praise, Eternal Son,
 For Thy redeeming love ;
 With Father, Spirit, ever One,
 In glorious might above.

77

1 THE year begins with Thee
 And Thou beginn'st with
 To let the world of sinners
 That blood for sin must

2 By blood and water too,
 God's mark is set on Thee
 That in Thee every faithful
 Both covenants might see

3 Jesus, we hold our peace ;
 Thou Giver of all good,
 Dost to Thyself give no rest
 From suffering, tears and

4 He that would reap in love
 Must sow in holy fear ;
 So life, a winter's morn will
 To a bright endless year

WIMBORNE. L. M.

1. Great God, we sing that mighty hand By which sup - port-ed, still we stand:
The opening year Thy mer - cy shows; Let mercy crown it till it close.

78

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we
own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our
Rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall
raise,
Adored through all our changing
days.

79

1 ANOTHER year, another year
Hath sped its flight on silent wing ;
And all that marked its brief career
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

2 Lord, for Thy grace and patient love,
Unwearied still, and still the same,
For all our hopes of joy above
We laud and bless Thy holy Name.

3 Still bear with us, and bless us still ;
And, while in this dark world we
stay,
O let us love Thy sacred will,
O let us keep Thy narrow way.

4 So, when the rolling stream of time
Hath opened to a boundless sea ;
Loud will we raise that song sub-
lime,
" All power and glory be to Thee."

80

1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee ;
For Thou hast always been my Rock,
A Fortress and Defence to me.

2 Thou my Deliverer art, O God ;
My trust is in Thy mighty power,
Thou art my Shield from foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my
Tower.

3 To Thee will I address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hast-ed thro' the for-mer year,

Ma-ny souls their race have run, Nev-er-more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;

We a lit-tle long-er wait, But how lit-tle, none can know.

81

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view :
 Bless Thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

Epiphany.

And lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was.—S. MATTHEW 2:9.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. O Thou, Who by a star didst guide The wise men on their way,
 Until it came and stood be-side The place where Je-sus lay;

82

1 O THOU ! Who by a star didst guide
 The wise men on their way,
 Until it came and stood beside
 The place where Jesus lay ;

2 Although by stars Thou dost not
 lead
 Thy servants now below,
 Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
 Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part :
 But still we trust Thy word,
 That blessed are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace,
 To make us pure in heart,
 That we may see Thee face to face
 Hereafter, as Thou art.

83

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that
 led,
 With mild benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
 Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo ! a brighter, clearer light
 Now points to His abode ;
 It shines through sin and sorrow's
 night,
 To guide us to our God.

3 Oh haste to follow where it leads,
 His gracious call obey !
 Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
 The Christian's destined way.

4 Oh gladly tread the narrow path,
 While light and grace are given !
 Who now do follow Christ on earth,
 Shall reign with Him in Heaven.

BETHLEHEM. 7s. 6 lines.

1. As with gladness men of old Did the guid-ing star
 As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-
 So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be led to The

84

2 As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare ;
 So may we, with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way ;
 And when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

MESSIAH. 7s. Double.

1. Songs of thank-ful-ness and praise, Je - sus, Lord, to Thee we raise;
 Man - i - fest - ed by the star To the sag - es from a - far;
 Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem In Thy birth at Beth - le-hem;
 An - thems be to Thee ad-drest, God in Man made man - i - fest.

85

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
 Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
 And at Cana, wedding-guest,
 In Thy Godhead manifest;
 Manifest in power divine,
 Changing water into wine;
 Anthems be to Thee address,
 God in Man made manifest.

3 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
 Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
 May we imitate Thee now,
 And be pure, as pure art Thou;
 That we like to Thee may be
 At Thy great Epiphany;
 And may praise Thee, ever blest,
 God in Man made manifest.

Childhood.

And He went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto him.
S. LUKE 2: 51.

BALERMA. C. M.

1. In stat-ure grows the heavenly Child, With death be - fore

A Lamb un-blemished, meek and mild, Pre-prepared for sac -

86

2 The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor ;
And He who made the heavens
abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

3 Those mighty hands that stay the
sky,
No earthly toil refuse ;
And He who set the stars on high,
A humble trade pursues.

4 He before Whom the angels stand,
At Whose behest they fly,
Now yields Himself to man's com-
mand,
And lays His glory by.

5 The Father's Name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, One God, we
praise,
Both now and evermore.

87

1 As to His earthly parents
Went down the Holy C
And found His Father's
there,
Subjection meek and n

2 And as obedience, all the
In lowly Nazareth,
Forsook Him not, but bor
Obedient unto death :

3 So by Thy mercies teach
Our sacrifice to bring,
Our treasures, heart, and
love,
To spread before our K

4 Thy presence is our guidi
We seek Thy holy hill ;
Transform us, Lord ; r
minds,
To prove Thy perfect

Ministry.

I must work the works of Him that sent Me.—S. JOHN 9 : 4.

WOODLAND. C. M.

1. A pil - grim thro' this lone - ly world The bless - ed Sav - iour
 passed; A mourn - er all His life was He, A
 mourn - er all His life was He, A dy - ing Lamb at last.

88

2 That tender heart which felt for all,
 For us its life-blood gave ;
 It found on earth no resting-place,
 Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord ; and shall we
 fear
 The cross with all its scorn ?
 Or love a faithless, evil world
 That wreathed His brow with
 thorn ?

4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
 Like Him, obedient still,
 We homeward press, through storm
 or calm,
 To Zion's bless'd hill.

5 Dead to the world with Him who
 died
 To win our hearts, our love,
 We, risen with our risen Head,
 In spirit dwell above.

89

1 OH where is He that trod the sea ;
 Oh where is He that spake,
 And lepers from their pains are
 free,
 And slaves their fetters break !

2 The lame and palsied freely rise,
 With joy the dumb do sing ;
 And on the darkened, blinded eyes
 Glad beams of morning spring !

3 Oh where is He that trod the sea ;
 Oh where is He that spake,
 And demons from their victims
 flee,
 The dead from slumber wake !

4 Here, here art Thou, Almighty
 Lord !
 Oh speak to us once more,
 And let Thy healing, quickening
 word,
 Our ruined souls restore !

BARBER. S. M.

1. How wel - come was the call,.... And sweet the fes - tal

When Je - sus deign'd, in Ca - na's hall, To bless the mar - riage

90

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart !
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power divine
The water-vessels knew ;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day ;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away !

91

1 SAVIOUR, what gracious words
Are ever, ever Thine !
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life and peace divine.

2 Good, everlasting good,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from Thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.

3 The broken heart, the poor
The bruised, the deaf, the
The dumb, the dead, the
wretch,
In Thee compassion fin

4 Lord Jesus, speed the day
The promised day of grace
To all the poor, the dumb
The dead of Adam's race

92

1 DID Christ o'er sinners w
And shall our cheeks b
Let floods of penitential g
Burst forth from every

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see
Be thou astonished, O my
He shed those tears for

3 He wept that we might w
Each sin demands a tear
In heaven alone no sin i
And there's no weepi

STATE STREET. S. M.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To

doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broad-cast it o'er the land.

93

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest home!"

94

1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love !
Shed peace, and hope, and joy
abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred
thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the
rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade, like brothers, rest,
Sons of one family.

95

1 WORK while it is to-day !
This was our Master's rule ;
With docile minds let us obey,
As learners in His school.

2 To work the works of God,
Was His divine employ ;
And we must tread the path He
trod,
Or enter not His joy.

3 For Thee our all to spend,
Still may we watch and pray,
And persevering to the end,
Work while it is to-day.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

x. How beauteous were the marks divine That in Thy meekness used

That lit Thy lone-ly pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son c

96

2 Oh who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light,—
Oh who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!

3 Oh who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before!
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility!

4 Ev'n death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in Thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

97

1 My dear Redeemer, and n
I read my duty in Thy wo
But in Thy life the law apl
Drawn out in living chara

2 Such was Thy truth, and s
zeal,
Such deference to Thy Fatl
Such love, and meekness s
I would transcribe and m
mine.

3 Cold mountains and the
air
Witnessed the fervor of Th
The desert Thy temptation
Thy conflict and Thy victo

4 Be Thou my Pattern; n
bear
More of Thy gracious ima
Then God, the Judge, si
my name
Among the followers of

Transfiguration.

He received from God the Father honor and glory.—S. PETER 1: 17.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. O wondrous type, O vision fair,
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain
shows,
Where brighter than the sun He
glows!

2. With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3. And faithful hearts are raised on
high
By this great vision's mystery ;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of
praise.

4. O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

98

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4. O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

99

1. Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour-King,—
Jesus, the Lord ; how heavenly fair
His form ! how bright His beauties
are !

2. O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace ;
Love from His lips divinely flows,
And blessings all His state com-
pose.

3. Thy throne, O God, forever stands ;
Grace is the sceptre in Thy hands ;
Thy laws and works are just and
right ;
Justice and grace are Thy delight.

4. God ! Thine own God has richly
shed
His oil of gladness on Thy head ;
And with his Sacred Spirit blessed
His First-Born Son above the rest.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

1. Not yet, ye people of His grace, Ye s
 Sav - iour face to face; Not yet en - am .
 eyes ye bring Un - to the glo - ry of your 1

100

- 2 Ye follow in His steps below,
 Along His thorny way ye go,
 Ye stand His bitter cross beside,
 Ye cling to Him the Crucified.
- 3 But greater shall the wonder grow,
 But mightier shall the joy o'er-
 flow ;
 Upon your Lord ye yet shall gaze,
 And look your love and sweet
 amaze.
- 4 Oh make me meet for joy like
 this,
 Oh grant me grace to bear the bliss ;
 To set my heart on Thee below,
 No other Lord or Love to know !
- 5 Then shall I set mine eyes on Thee ;
The King in all His beauty see,
And gazing on for evermore,
Glow with the beauty I adore.

101

- 1 LET me be with Thee whe
 art,
 My Saviour, my eternal Re
 Then only will this longing
 Be fully and forever blest !
- 2 Let me be with Thee where
 Thy unveiled glory to behc
 Then only will this wanderi
 Cease to be treacherous, i
 cold !
- 3 Let me be with Thee where
 Where spotless saints Th
 adore ;
 Then only will this sinful b
 Be evil and defiled no mor
- 4 Let me be with Thee where
 Where none can die, whe
 remove ;
 There neither death nor life
 Me from Thy presence and

Triumphal Entry.

Fear not, daughter of Zion; behold, thy King cometh sitting on an ass's colt.
S. JOHN 12:15.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho-san-na cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.

102

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered
sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own Anointed Son.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and
reign.

103

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be
made,
And praises throng to crown His
head;
His name like sweet perfume shall
rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest
song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He
reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Passion.

Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without gate.—HEBREWS 13 : 12.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Man - y woes had Christ en - dured, Man - y sore temp - ta - tions m
Pa - tient, and to pains in -ured; But the sor - est tri - al y
Was to be sus -tained in thee, Gloom -y, sad Geth - se - ma - ne

104

1 MANY woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains injured ;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

2 Came at length the dreadful night ;
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God :
See, my soul, the Saviour see
Prostrate in Gethsemane !

3 There my God bore all my gui
This through grace can be belie
But the torments which He fel
Are too vast to be conceived ;
None can penetrate through
Doleful, dark Gethsemane !

4 All my sins against my God,
All my sins against His laws,
All my sins against His blood,
All my sins against His cause,
Sins as boundless as the sea -
Hide me, O Gethsemane !

HAZEN. 7s. 6lines.

1. Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power,

Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;

Turn not from His griefs a-way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A-men.

105

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete ;
"It is finished!"—hear Him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless
clay :
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ;—He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise !

ROUSSEAU. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Wea - ry sin - ner, keep thine eyes On th'a - ton - ing Sac - ri - fi.

2. There th' In-car - nate De - i - ty, Numbered with transgress- ors, s.

3. There His Fa - ther's absence mourns, Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

106

1 WEARY sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning Sacrifice ;
There the Incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see !
There His Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned
with thorns.

2 Surely, Christ thy griefs hath borne ;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn ;
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out His life for thee,
There thy every sin He bore,
*Weep -*ing* soul, lament no more.*

3 Cast thy guilty self on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem,
At His feet thy burden lay ;
Look thy doubts and cares aw
Now, by faith, the Son embrac
Plead His promise, trust
grace.

4 Lord, Thine arm must be reve
Ere I can by faith be healed ;
Since I scarce can look to The
Cast a gracious eye on me ;
At Thy feet myself I lay,
Shine, oh shine my fears awa

MAITLAND. C. M.

x. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.

107

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free ;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here !
 But now they taste unmixed love,
 And joy without a tear.

Upon the crystal pavement, down
 At Jesus' pierc'd feet,
 Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
 And His dear Name repeat.

And palms shall wave, and harps
 shall ring,

Beneath heaven's arches high ;
 The Lord that lives, the ransomed
 sing,

That lives, no more to die.

O precious cross ! O glorious
 crown !

O resurrection day !

Ye angels, from the stars come
 down,
 And bear my soul away.

108

1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness
 hide,
 And shut His glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing
 face
 While His dear cross appears :
 Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness !
 And melt, mine eyes, to tears !

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

WINDHAM. L. M.

1. Ye that pass by, be - hold the Man! The Man of Grief, condemned

The Lamb of God for sinners slain, Weep-ing, to Cal - va - ry p

109

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they
tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs! exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His blood!

3 Behold His temples crowned with
thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and
torn,
The fountain gushing from His side!

4 O Thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth Thy heart to sinners
move!
Sprinkle on us Thy precious blood,
And melt us with Thy dying love!

5 The rocks could feel Thy powerful
death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
Oh rend with Thine expiring breath
The harder marble of our heart!

110

1 O Love! Who gav'st Thy li
And won an everlasting g
Through Thy sore anguis
tree,
I ever think upon Thy blo

2 I ever thank Thy sacred w
Thou wounded Love, Thou
But most when life is
bounds,
And in Thy bosom safe I

3 O Love! who unto de
grieved
For this cold heart, unwort
Whom the cold grave a
received,
I thank Thee for that grie

4 I give Thee thanks that T
die
To win eternal life for me,
To bring salvation from o
Oh, draw me up throu
Thee!

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.



111

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His
feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature
mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

112

1 LORD JESUS, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh may we count the world as loss !

2 When we behold Thy bleeding
wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast
trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O Holy Lord ! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal
woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,—

4 Give us an everliving faith,
To gaze beyond the things we see,
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee !

DUTY. S. M.

1. O'erwhelmed in depths of woe, Up - on the tree

Hangs the Re-deem - er of man - kind, With rack-ing an -

113

2 The sun withdraws his light ;
 The midday heavens grow pale ;
 The moon, the stars, the universe
 Their Maker's death bewail.

3 Shall man alone be mute ?
 Come, youth and hoary hairs,
 Come, rich and poor, come, all
 mankind,
 And bathe those feet in tears.

4 Come, fall before His cross,
 Who shed for us His blood ;
 Who died, the Victim of pure love,
 To make us sons of God.

114

1 SINNER, come up with me,
 Here fix thy weeping eye ;
 Ascend in heart to Calvary,
 And see Immanuel die.

2 Oh bathe with Magdalene
 His sacred feet with tears ;
 By faith embrace thy Master slain,
 With sorrow great as hers.

3 The Victim bled for the
 Slight not His dying
 The precious blood He
 Thy passport to the

4 Oh tarry not, make haste
 Ensure thy claim to
 Up ! trim thy lamp !
 who hast
 So much to be forgiv

115

1 ONLY one prayer to-day
 One earnest, tearful
 A litany from out the heart
 Have mercy, Lord, o

2 Because of Jesus' cross
 And that unfathomed
 The crimson tide which
 world,—
 Have mercy, Lord, o

3 No other Name than His
 My hope, my help and stay
 Oh by that one all-saving
 Have mercy, Lord, o

ENNIS. S. M.

Iot all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al - tars slain, Could
 live the guilt - y con-science peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

116

Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 kes all our sins away ;
 crifice of nobler name,
 d richer blood, than they.
 iith would lay her hand
 that dear head of Thine,
 e like a penitent I stand,
 d there confess my sin.
 oul looks back to see
 e burdens Thou didst bear
 i hanging on the curséd tree,
 d hopes her guilt was there.
 ving, we rejoice
 see the curse remove ;
 bless the Lamb with cheerful
 voice,
 d sing His bleeding love.

117

sheep we went astray,
 d broke the fold of God,
 wandering in a different way,
 all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
 When God our wanderings laid,
 And did at once His vengeance pour
 Upon the Shepherd's head !

3 How glorious was the grace,
 When Christ sustained the stroke !
 His life and blood the Shepherd
 pays,
 A ransom for the flock !

118

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As Thou wert ever kind ;
 Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
 And cleanse me from my sin ;
 For I confess my crime, and see
 How great my guilt has been.

3 The joy Thy favor gives
 Let me again obtain,
 And Thy free Spirit's firm support
 My fainting soul sustain.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.

119

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of
blood ;
Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,
Plead; and claim my peace with
God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heavén
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove His blood each day more
healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

120

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance stream-
ing
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-
ure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no meas-
ure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Death and Burial.

He was buried.—1 CORINTHIANS 15:4.

HAZEN. 7s 6 lines.

1. Rest-ing from His work to-day, In the tomb the Sav-iour lay;

Still He slept, from head to feet Shrouded in the wind-ing sheet,

Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hid-den by the seal-ed stone. *A-men.*

121

1 RESTING from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealéd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene ;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden-glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend ;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalméd cell
None but Thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

DESPECTUM.

ISAI.

1. He is despised and re- - - - - | jected of |

A Man of sorrows,..... | and ac- | quainted with | g

122

1 He is despised and re | jected of | men ;
 A Man of sorrows, | and ac- | quainted with | grief :

2 And we hid as it were our | faces | from Him ;
 He was despised, and | we es- | teemed · Him | not.

3 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and | carried · our | sorrows :
 Yet we did esteem Him stricken, | smitten · of | God, · and af- |

4 But He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions,
 He was | bruised · for | our in- | iquities ;

5 The chastisement of our peace | was up- | on Him ;
 And with | His stripes | we are | healed.

6 All we, like sheep, have | gone a- | stray ;
 We have turned every | one to | his own | way ;

7 And the Lord hath | laid on | Him
 The in- | iqui- ty | of us | all.

8 When Thou shalt make His soul an | offering · for | sin,
 He shall see His seed, He | shall pro- | long His | days :

9 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper | in His | hand.
 He shall see of the travail of His soul, and | shall be | satis- | fie
 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
 And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

*As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
 World / without / end. A- | men.*

Resurrection.

For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.—ROMANS 14:9.

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

1. O Je - sus, when I think of Thee, Thy man - ger, cross, and throne,
 My spir - it trusts ex - ult - ing - ly In Thee, and Thee a - lone,

123

1 I see Thee in Thy weakness first
 Then, glorious from Thy shame,
 I see Thee death's strong fetters
 burst,
 And reach heaven's mightiest
 Name.

3 In each, a brother's love I trace
 By power divine express,
 One in Thy Father God's embrace,
 As on Thy mother's breast.

4 For me Thou didst become a man,
 For me didst weep and die ;
 For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
 For me ascend on high.

5 Oh let me share Thy holy birth.
 Thy faith, Thy death to sin !
 And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
 My heavenly life begin.

124

1 THE morning purples all the sky,
 The air with praises rings,
 Defeated hell stands sullen by,
 The world exulting sings :

2 While He, the King all strong to
 save,
 Rends the dark doors away,
 And through the breaches of the
 grave
 Strides forth into the day.

3 Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
 Fast fettered He has lain ;
 But He has mastered death, is risen,
 And death wears now the chain.

4 Glory to God ! our glad lips cry ;
 All praise and worship be
 On earth, in heaven, to God Most
 High,
 For Christ's great victory !

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1. Morn-ing breaks up - on the tomb; Je - sus scat - ters all its

Day of triumph! thro' the skies See the glo-rious Sav-iour

125

2 Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave;
Doubt no more His power to save.

3 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

4 Lo! the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
Lo! returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

126

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day;
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo, He rises, mighty King!
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Lo, He claims His native sky!
Grave, where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom pa
Peace with God forever mad
With your risén Saviour rise
Claim with Him the pu
skies.

127

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty
See, the Saviour leaves the
Glowing with immortal bloc

2 Hark! the wondering angel
Louder notes of joyful prais
Let the earth's remotest bou
Echo with the blissful sound

3 Saints on earth, lift up your
Now to glory see Him rise
In long triumph through the
Up to waiting worlds on hig

4 Heaven unfolds its portals
Mighty Conqueror, througl
ride!
King of glory, mount Thy
Boundless empire is Thine

HENDON. 7s.

1. "Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day," Sons of men and
 an - gels say; Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye
 heavens, and earth re - ply. Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply.

128

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Lo, the sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
 Death in vain forbids His rise;
 Christ hath opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King;
 "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
 Once He died, our souls to save;
 "Where's thy victory, boasting
 grave?"

5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to Thee by both be given!
 Thee we greet triumphant now;
 Hail! THE RESURRECTION, THOU!

129

1 HAIL to Thee, our risen King!
 Joyfully Thy praise we sing;
 For, the mighty conflict o'er,
 Now Thou livest evermore.

2 Fain like Mary, Lord, would we
 In Thy glorious presence be;
 Hear Thy voice, and see Thy face,
 Praise Thee for Thy wondrous
 grace.

3 Resurrection-life hast Thou
 Given to Thy people now;
 Haste the time when, raised to Thee,
 We shall manifested be.

4 Blessed Saviour, Victor, King,
 Hear us now Thy triumphs sing,
 While we celebrate Thy praise,
 And our hallelujahs raise.

Ascension.

*Who is gone into heaven and is on the right hand of God.—1 S. PETE
ALBERT. 7s.*

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Ravished from our wish
Christ, a - while to mor-tals given, Re - as-cends His na - t
There the pompous triumph waits: "Lift your heads, e - ter -
Wide un - fold the ra - diant scene, Take the King of Glo - r

130

2 Him tho' highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own :
Still for us His death He pleads,
Prevalent He intercedes,
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
5 Master,—will we ever say,—
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee !

Grant, though parted fro
High above yon azure h
Grant, our hearts may t
Following Thee beyond
4 Ever upward let us mov
Wafted on the wings of
Looking when our Lord
Longing, gasping after l
There we shall with The
Partners of Thine endle
There Thy face unclo
Find our heaven of he

DORT. 6s & 4s.

131

1 RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into Thy native skies ;
 Assume Thy right ;
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light !

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
 Cherubic legions swell
 Thy radiant train ;
 Praises all heaven inspire,
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,
 Thou Lamb once slain !

3 Enter, Incarnate God !
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down ;
 Blow the full trumpets, blow !
 Wider yon portals throw !
 Saviour, triumphant, go
 And take Thy crown !

4 Lion of Judah, hail !
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age ;
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage !

MERWIN. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the Man of Sor-rows now
 From the fight re-turned vic - to - rious! Ev - ery knee to Him
 bow: Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic - tor's br

132

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him!

Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

In the seat of power enthrone Him,

While the vault of heavén rings:

Crown Him! Crown Him!

Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,

Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;

Saints and angels, crowd around Him,

Own His title, praise His Name!

Crown Him! Crown Him!

Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!

Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

Jesus takes the highest station;

Oh what joy the sight affords!

Crown Him! Crown Him!

King of kings, and Lord of lords!

HARWELL 8s, 7s & 7.

Fine.

133

Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on
earth :

When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

King of glory, reign forever !
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made
Thine own ;

Happy objects of Thy grace,
Chosen to behold Thy face.

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing !
Bring, oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass
away !

Then with golden harps we'll sing
"Glory, glory, to our King!"
Hallelujah, Amen !

134

JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on
high ;

Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die ;
Hallelujah !
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bow'd with
care ;

Jesus comes again in answer
To our earnest, heartfelt prayer ;
Hallelujah !
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to souls rejoicing,
Bringing news of sin forgiven ;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Lifting up our souls to heaven ;
Hallelujah !
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes on clouds, triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass
away ;

Jesus comes again in glory ;
Let us then our homage pay :
Hallelujah !

Sing we " till the break of day."
Hallelujah, Amen !

CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate
 Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of
 Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord.... of

135

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David, Lord did call ;
 The God Incarnate ! Man Divine !
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er for-
 get
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His
 feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

136

1 COME, let us join our cheerful
 With angels round the thre
 Ten thousand thousand are
 tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died
 cry,
 "To be exalted thus !"
 "Worthy the Lamb !" our lips
 "For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings more than
 give,
 Be, Lord, forever Thine !

4 The whole creation join in o
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the th
 And to adore the Lamb !

BEMERTON. C. M.

1. O Je - sus, King most won- der - ful, Thou Con- quer - or renowned !
 Thou Sweet-ness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found !

137

O Jesus, Light of all below !
 Thou Fount of life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire !

May every heart confess Thy Name,
 And ever Thee adore ;
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame
 'To seek Thee more and more.
 Thee may our tongues forever bless ;
 Thee may we love alone ;
 And ever, in our life express
 The image of Thine own.

138

HOSANNA ! raise the pealing hymn
 To David's Son and Lord ;
 With Cherubim and Seraphim
 Exalt the Incarnate Word.
 Hosanna ! Master, lo, we bring
 Our offerings to Thy throne ;
 Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal
 thing,
 But hearts, to be Thine own.

3 Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
 Approved a lisping throng ;
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear
 Our poor but grateful song.

139

1 Oh mean may seem this house of
 clay,
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 Our earthly garments Thou hast
 worn,
 And we Thy robes shall wear ;
 Our mortal burdens thou hast
 borne,
 And we Thy bliss may bear.

3 Oh, mighty grace, our life to live,
 To make our earth divine !
 Oh, mighty grace, Thy heaven to
 And lift our life to Thine ! [give,

4 Oh, strange the gifts, and marvelous,
 By Thee received and given !
 Thou tookest woe and death from us,
 Lord, we receive Thy heaven.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

1. O Lord, how happy should we be, If we could cast our care on T
 If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a - b
 In per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, Is work-ing for the b

140

2 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God ;

Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear !

3 We cannot trust Him as we should ;
 So chases weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 But birds and flowerets round us preach,
 All, all, the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease ;
 Leave all things to a Father's will
 And taste, before Him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace !

The Holy Ghost.

wherefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.—ACTS 2:33.

RAPTURE. C. P. M.

1. Je-sus, enthroned and glo-ri-fied At Thy Al-might-y Father's side, Thy people's prayer in-spire! Thou art a-live for ev-er-more, Oh, then, on us Thy Spir-it pour; Bap-tize us now with fire!

141

Thou hast received rich gifts for men;
Now let the Holy Ghost again
On all Thy Church descend:
Give boldness, power, and tongues
of flame,
To all who name Thy blessed Name;
Uphold them and defend!

*The fulness of Thy life bestow
On us Thy members here below;
Revive each fainting heart;*

Each sick and wounded spirit heal,
Thy beauty to our souls reveal,
Thy light and love impart!
4 Blest Comforter, Celestial Dove,
Thou Lord of Life, Thou Fount of
Love,
Be Thou our inward Guest;
Illumed and sanctified by Thee,
Thy living temples let us be,
Thine everlasting rest!

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening i;
 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of
 In these cold hearts of ours. In these cold hearts of o'

142

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys ;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor, dying rate !
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great !

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours !

143

1 GREAT Father of each perfect
 Behold, Thy servants wait ;
 With longing eyes and lifted l
 We flock around Thy gate.

2 Oh shed abroad that choicest
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To cheer our eyes with sacred
 And fire our hearts with lo-

3 Blest Earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiven :
 And bear with energy divine,
 Our raptured thoughts to h

4 Diffuse, O God, Thy co
 showers,
 That earth its fruit may yiel
 And change the barren wild
 To Carmel's flowery field

RTON. C. M.



spirit of truth, on this Thy day, To Thee for help we cry,



guide us thro' the drear-y way Of dark.... mor-tal-i - ty.



144

of truth, on this Thy day,
Thee for help we cry,
ide us through the dreary way
lark mortality.

sh not, Lord, the cloven flame,
tongues of various tone ;
ng Thy praises to proclaim
h fervor in our own.

ivenly harpings soothe our ear,
mystic dreams we share ;
ope to feel Thy comfort near,
i bless Thee in our prayer.

tongues shall cease, and
ower decay,
i knowledge empty prove,
hou Thy trembling servants
ay
h faith and hope and love.

145

1 O HOLY SPIRIT, Fount of Love,
Blest Source of gifts divine,
Kindle, we pray Thee, from above,
The inmost souls of Thine.

2 Bond of the Sacred Trinity,
Knit Thou our hearts in one,
To know the blessed unity
Of Father and of Son !

3 Shed in each faithful heart abroad
Love that doth all excel ;
That God in us and we in God
For evermore may dwell.

4 O Blessed Comforter, to Thee,
With the Eternal Son,
And with the Father, glory be,
While endless ages run.

BARBER. S. M.

146

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the Mighty
God,
The Eternal Prince of Peace.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise
and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

147

1 SPIRIT of faith come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead
known,
And witness with the blood.

2 No one can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.

3 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

4 Oh that the world might know
The all-aton-ing Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of His Name.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. Lord God the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac-cept - ed hour, As

on the day of Pen-te - cost, De - scend in all Thy power!

148

1 LORD God the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of
fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide !

0 Spirit of adoption, now
May we be *sanctified*.

149

1 OH for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word
In vain, we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 While many crowd Thy house,
How few around Thy board
Meet to record their solemn vows,
And bless Thee as their Lord !

4 Thou, Thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success ;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

5 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love ;
Then shall our people all be Thine,
Our church, like that above.

HURSLEY. L. M.

1. O Spir - it of the Liv - ing God! In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,

Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos- tate race. *Amen.*

150

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
 Confusion, order in Thy path ;
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
 All the round earth her God to meet ;
 Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations far and nigh ;
 The triumphs of Thy cross record ;
 The Name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him, Lord.

151

1 COME, O Creator-Spirit blest !
 And in our souls take up Thy rest ;
 Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid
 To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter ! to Thee we cry ;
 O highest Gift of God most high !
 O Fount of life ! O Fire of love !
 And sweet Anointing from above !

3 Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love ;
 With patience firm, and virtue high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
 And grant us Thy true peace instead ;
 So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
 Turn from the path of life aside.

Invitation.

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come! —REVELATION 22:17.

BELMONT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit-y joined with power; }

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

152

Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him ;
 This He gives you :
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
*Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall ;*

If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo, your Maker prostrate lies ;
 On the bloody tree behold Him ;
 Hear Him cry before He dies,
 " It is finished !"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo, the Incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of His blood ;
 Venture on Him, venture wholly ;
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

153

1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The Bride, the Church of Christ
proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

3 Yea, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

154

1 Oh cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more!

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

155

1 HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
Oh let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

DUNBAR. S. M.

1. By Ja - cob's an - cient well Sat Je - sus, long a - go; The
no. I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free! Sal -

wa - ter - bear - er heard Him tell Where liv - ing wa - ters flow.
va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free!

156.

2 The beggar, day by day,
Sat in a hopeless night,
Until the Master passed that way
And said, "Receive thy sight!"
I'm glad salvation's free, etc.

3 The Gentile mother craved
A crumb of healing power;
The child for whom she prayed was saved
That very self-same hour.
I'm glad salvation's free, etc.

4 Beside Bethesda's pool,
He to the palsied said
Before he prayed to be made whole—
"Rise, and take up thy bed!"
I'm glad salvation's free, etc.

5 "O Lord, remember me,"
The dying robber cries:—
"This day," saith Jesus, "thou shalt be
With Me in Paradise."
I'm glad salvation's free, etc.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.

1. { We're travelling home to heaven a-bove, Will you go? will you go? To sing the Saviour's dy-ing love, Will you go? will you go? } lions have reached that blest a-bode, An-oint-ed kings and priests to (And mil-lions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go?

157

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise His name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing *Hosanna to their God and King,*

And make the heavenly arches
Will you go?

4 O weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go?
In the blest house there still is:
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive
If thou wilt on Him now belie
He will thy troubled heart reli
Oh, believe!

5 The way to heaven is straigh
plain,
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born agair
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to the
"Take up thy cross and follow
And thou shalt My salvation:
Come to Me."

COME TO JESUS. P. M.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now;
 ist now, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now.

158

ill save you, He will save you,
 will save you, just now ;
 now He will save you,
 will save you, just now.
 reject Him, don't reject Him,
 a't reject Him, just now, etc.
 ready, He is ready,
 is ready, just now, etc.

5 Oh believe Him, oh believe Him,
 Oh believe Him, just now, etc.
 6 Do not tarry, do not tarry,
 Do not tarry just now, etc.
 7 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen ;
 Amen, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

To - day the Sav - iour calls: Ye wan - d'fers, come !
 h, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam ?

159

day the Saviour calls :
 or refuge fly ;
 storm of vengeance falls,
 un is nigh.
 ay the Saviour calls :
 listen now ;

Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
 4 The Spirit calls to-day ;
 Yield to His power ;
 Oh grieve Him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

HORTON. 7s.

x. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
He Him-self has bid thee pray, There-for'e will not say thee nay.

160

2 With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
tain
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

161

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove Divine,
Let Thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free,
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart,

Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

162

1 JESUS, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest call obey ;
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.

2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life :

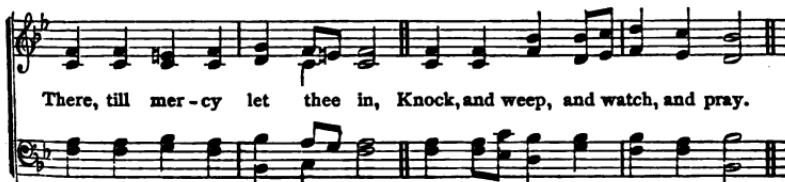
3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of Go

4 Lo, we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art.
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our hea

ROSEFIELD. 7s.



1. Pil-grim, bur-dened with thy sin, Haste to Zi - on's gate to - day;



There, till mer - cy let thee in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

163

1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day ;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch,
and pray.

2 Knock, for mercy lends an ear ;
Weep, she marks the sinner's
sigh ;
Watch, till heavenly light appear :
Pray, she hears the mourner's cry.

3 Mourning pilgrim ! what for thee
In this world can now remain ?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and
pain.

4 Sorrow shall forever fly :
Shame shall never enter there ;
Tears be wiped from every eye ;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

164

1 *FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,*

What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear !
"Love's redeeming work is done ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come !

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the
throne ;
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On My piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid :
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son :
Come and welcome, sinner, come !"

165

1 YE who in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings ;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View His bleeding sacrifice ;
See, in Him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven :
Glorify the King of kings ;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

HAMBURG. L. M.

x. Be-hold! a Stranger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked b

Has waited long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so

166

- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 3 Oh lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden
hands!
Oh matchless kindness! and He
shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you'll
stand.

167

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thine injured F
face;
Those new desires that in thee
Were kindled by reclaiming
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy deep repentant
He sees thy softened spirit m
When no intruding ear is nig
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit li
Go to His bleeding feet, and
How freely Jesus can forgive
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling te
Thy Father calls, no longer n
'Tis mercy's voice invites
near.

Contrition.

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.—PSALM 51 : 17.

WINDHAM. L. M.

1. With broken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;
 Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!

168

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
 With deep and conscious guilt op -
 prest,
 Christ and His cross my only plea :
 O God, be merciful to me !

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
 Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
 But Thou dost all my anguish see :
 O God, be merciful to me !

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have
 done,
 Can for a single sin atone ;
 To Calvary alone I flee :
 O God, be merciful to me !

5 And when redeemed from sin and
 hell,
 With all the ransomed throng I
 dwell,
 My raptured song shall ever be,
 God has been merciful to me !

169

1 WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I
 bend,
 And plead with Thee for mercy
 there,
 Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
 And for His sake receive my prayer.

2 Oh think not of my shame and guilt,
 My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
 Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
 And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Oh think upon Thy holy word,
 And every plighted promise there ;
 How prayer should evermore be
 heard,
 And how Thy glory is to spare.

4 Oh think not of my doubts and fears,
 My strivings with Thy grace divine ;
 Think upon Jesus' woes and tears
 And let His merits stand for me.

HARVILLE. C. M.

170

- 2 A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin ;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
- 3 And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourned here ;
For then my guilty conscience
knows
How vile I shall appear.
- 4 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask ;
This is my humble prayer ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Oh let Thy mercy spare !

171

- 1 JESUS, Thou art the sinner's Friend ;
As such I look to Thee ;
Now in the fulness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me !
- 2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me !

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee ;
While Thou art sitting on Thy
throne,
Dear Lord, remember me !

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free ;
Then in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me !

172

- 1 MERCY alone can meet my case ;
For mercy, Lord, I cry ;
Jesus ! Redeemer ! show Thy face
In mercy, or I die !
- 2 Save me, for none beside can save ;
At Thy command I tread
With failing step life's stormy wave ;
The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just ;
But wilt Thou leave me ? No :
I hold Thee fast, my Hope, my
Trust ;
I will not let Thee go !

HAM. C. M.

call us, Im - man - uel, here we stand, Waiting to feel Thy touch;
wound-ed souls stretch forth Thy hand; Blest Sav - iour, we are such.

173

ber him who once applied
trembling for relief;
I believe," with tears he
d,
help my unbelief!"
, who touched Thee in the
ss,
healing virtue stole,
answered, "Daughter, go in
ce,
aith hath made thee whole.
r, with hopes and fears we
ie
uch Thee if we may;
d us not despairing home,
none unhealed away.

174

CH, my soul, the mercy-seat
e Jesus answers prayer;
umbly fall before His feet,
one can perish there.
mise is my only plea,
this I venture nigh;
llest burdened souls to Thee,
such, O Lord, am I.
down beneath a load of sin,
an sorely prest,

By war without, and fear within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-
place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died !

175

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
C ontrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the
tears

From sorrow's weeping eye:

2 See, Lord, before Thy throne of
grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy
face?
Hast Thou not said, "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
Oh let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s.

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing, Thou art scattering full and
Showers the thirsty land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on

E - ven me! E - ven me! Let some drop-pings fall on

176

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me!

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—
Even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me!

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me!

PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing. Do not pass me by!

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry,

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by!

177

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by!

Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief!

3 Trusting only in Thy merits,
Would I seek Thy face,
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace!

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee!

CASTELLO. 7,6,7,6,8,7,8,7.

1. Je - sus, Name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and de
 2. Je - sus, Fount of per - fect love, Ho - liest, tenderest, n
 3. Je - sus, Source of grace com - ple - est, Je - sus pur - est, Je - si
 4. Je - sus, Well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal

178

2 Thou didst call the prodigal:
 Thou didst pardon Mary:
 Thou whose words can never fall,
 Love can never vary:
 Lord, to heal my lost condition
 Give—for Thou canst give—contri-
 tion;
 Thou canst pardon all mine ill,
 If Thou wilt: Oh, say, "I will!"

3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
 Scourged for my transgression,
 Witnessing, through agony,
 That Thy good confession;

Jesus, clad in purple r
 For my evils making p
 Let not all Thy woe:
 Let not Calvary, be i

4 When I reach death's b
 And its waves roll hi
 Help the more forsakin
 As the storm draws i
 Jesus, leave me not to
 Helpless, hopeless, ful
 Tell me,—"Verily I
 Thou shalt be with

FORSYTH. 7s 3 lines.

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere it pass for aye a - way, On our knees we fall and pray. Amen.

179

1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

3 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

4 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

5 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

180

1 IN that dim and awful day,
When the world shall pass away,
What shall be the sinners' stay?

2 Not alone, but one with Thee,
In Thy true humanity,
Saviour, let my portion be!

3 At that awful judgment-tide,
Rock of ages, let me hide
Deep within Thy wounded side! Amen.

MISERERE.

PSALM 51.

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy | lov - ing | kindness :

According unto the multitude of Thy tender } blot out | my trans- | gressions.
mercies.....

181

- 2 Wash me thoroughly | from mine in- | iquity,
And | cleanse me | from my | sin.
- 3 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions :
And my sin is | ever be- | fore — | me.
- 4 Hide Thy face | from my | sins,
And blot out | all — | mine in- | iquities.
- 5 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God ;
And renew a right | spirit with- | in — | me.
- 6 Cast me not away | from Thy | presence ;
And take not Thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
- 7 Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal- | vation ;
And uphold me | with Thy | free — | Spirit.
- 8 Then will I teach trans- | gressors | Thy | ways ;
And sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | Thee.
- 9 O Lord, open | Thou my | lips ;
And my mouth shall | shew forth | Thy — | praise.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
*As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World / without | end. A- | men.*

Consecration.

I am Thine; save me.—PSALM 119: 94.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

1. In to - ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,
We set His seal up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone.

182

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He traveled by ;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His
cross,
Hereafter share His crown !

183

1 YE men and angels, witness now !
Before the Lord we speak ;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break :

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely ;
May He, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 Oh guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to
prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

184

1 O LORD, impart Thyself to me !
No other good I need :
When Thou, the Son, shalt make
me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in Thy blood
I full redemption have ;
And Thou, through whom I come
to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the power, the
pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe, and not in vain ;
My faith shall make me whole.

FOREST. L. M.

1. 'Tis done! the sign up - on the brow Is set for joy or sor-row now;
 To shine with heavenly lus - tre bright, Or lur - id gleam in end - less night.

185

2 Ye who have brought your child to-day

Within the Saviour's arms to lay,
 Watch well and guard with careful eye
 This heir of immortality.

3 Teach it to know a Father's love,
 And seek for blessedness above ;
 To Christ its heart and treasure give,
 And in the Spirit ever live.

4 That so, before the judgment seat,
 In joy and triumph ye may meet,
 The battle fought, the struggle o'er,
 The kingdom yours for evermore !

186

1 O LORD our King, the holy sign
 That we thereafter should be Thine,
 Was traced upon our infant brow ;
 And shall we fear to own it now ?

2 O God forbid ! before the vain,
 The proud, the scoffing, the profane,
 We will, through grace, our Lord
 confess,
 His faint but faithful witnesses.

3 Smile on us, Lord, and we will fear
 Nor scorn, nor shame, while Thou
 art near !

Reproach is glory, suffering rest,
 If borne for Thee, if by Thee blest.

4 Great Judge of all, in that dread day
 When heaven and earth shall flee
 away,
 Before the universe confess
 Thy faint, but faithful witnesses !

187

1 COME, ever blessed Spirit, come,
 And make Thy servants' hearts Thy
 home ;
 Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
 May each a living temple be.

2 Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty
 Lord,
 With shield of faith, and Spirit's
 sword ;
 Forth to the battle may they go,
 And boldly fight against the foe :

3 With banner of the cross unfurled,
 Oh may they overcome the world ;
 And so at last receive from Thee
 The palm and crown of victory.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.



O hap-py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! {
Tell may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

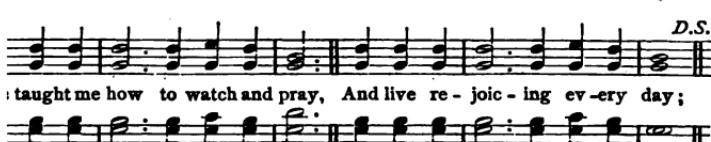
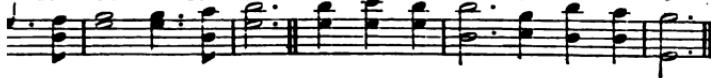


CHORUS.

Fine.



hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.



taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day;



188

py day, that stays my choice
ee, my Saviour and my God !
ay this glowing heart rejoice,
ll its raptures all abroad.

py bond, that seals my vows
m who merits all my love !
erful anthems fill His house,
to that sacred shrine I move.
one ; the great transaction's
ne ;
y Lord's, and He is mine ;
'w me, and I followed on,
obey the voice divine.

est, my long divided heart,
on this blissful centre, rest ;
ishes who would grudge to
rt,
called on angels' bread to
t ?

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,

That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

189

1 COME in, thou blesséd of our God,
In Jesus' Name we bid thee come ;
No more thy feet shall roam abroad ;
Henceforth a brother, welcome
home !

2 Those joys which earth cannot af-
ford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one Spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 Once more our welcome we repeat ;
Receive assurance of our love ;
Oh may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above !

SOLITUDE. 7s.

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a

Thine for - ev - er. may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni

190

2 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.

4 Thine forever! Saviour keep
These Thy frail and trembling
sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

191

1 LORD, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion
Strip me of the robe of prid
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receiv
All Thy Spirit hath revea
Thou hast spoken, I believ
Though the prophecy wer

3 Quiet as a weanéd child,
Weanéd from the mother'
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I re

4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trus
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and

MESSIAH. 7s. Double.

1. Peo - ple of the Liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round,
 Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort no - where found.

2. Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns, a fu - gi - tive un - blest;
 Brethren, where your al - tar burns, Oh, re - ceive me in - to rest.

192

<p>3 Lonely I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave.</p> <p>4 Mine the God whom you adore, Your Redeemer shall be mine; Earth can fill my heart no more, Every idol I resign.</p>	<p>5 Tell me not of gain or loss, Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power; Welcome, poverty and cross, Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.</p> <p>6 "Follow me!"—I know Thy voice! Jesus, Lord! Thy steps I see; Now I take Thy yoke by choice; Light Thy burden now to me.</p>
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LENOX. H. M.

1. Blow ye the trump - et, blow! The glad - ly sol - emn sound;
 Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound!
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
 year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi - lee is
 come; Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home!
 come; Re - turn, ye ran - - - somed sin - ners, home!

193

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 Has full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb,
 Redemption by His blood,
 Through every land, proclaim;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

4 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Receive it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

5 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

FIELD. H. M.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise!.... Shake off thy guilt - y fears;...

The bleed-ing Sac - ri - fice..... In my be-half ap - pears:

Be-fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, My name is writ-ten on His hands.

194

ARISE, my soul, arise !
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears :
 fore the throne my Surety stands,
 ' name is written on His hands.
 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me :
 give him, oh forgive, they cry,
 let that ransomed sinner die !

3 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear anointed One ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son ;
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled ;
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for His child ;
 I can no longer fear :
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry -

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol-low
 Des-ti-tute, despised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my All
 Per-ish ev- ery fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or
 Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heaven are still

195

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive
 me ;
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 And while Thou shalt smile upon
 me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may
 shun me,
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame
 ure !
 Come disaster, scorn, &
 In Thy service, pain is pl
 With Thy favor, loss is
 I have called Thee, Abba
 I have stayed my
 Thee :
 Storms may howl, and c
 gather,
 All must work for go

Confidence.

The Lord is my Rock, and my Fortress, and my Deliverer : my God, my Strength, in Whom I will trust.—PSALM 18 : 2.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

196

2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for graces ;
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

WOODWORTH. L. M.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was she
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I c'

197

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse
each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive
Wilt welcome, pardon, clea
lieve ;
Because Thy promise I belie
O Lamb of God, I come !

6 Just as I am,—Thy love un
Has broken every barrier de
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine
O Lamb of God, I come !

HAMBURG. L. M.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I c'

WEBB. 7s & 6s.



1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God,



He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load.



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains



White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.



198

I lay my wants on Jesus ;
 All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem :
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine ;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline :
 I love the Name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His Name abroad is poured.

LEBANON. S. M. Double.

I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fo
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-tr
 I was a way-ward child, I did not love my he
 I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to ro

199

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild :
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of
 love,
 They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
 'T was He that loved my soul,
 'T was He that washed me in His
 blood,
 'T was He that made me whole :

'T was He that sought the le
 That found the wandering
 'T was He that brought me
 fold,
 'T is He that still doth ke
 4 No more a wandering sheep
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's
 I love the peaceful fold :
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam ;
 I love my Heavenly F
 voice,
 I love, I love His home

AHIRA. S. M.

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best; My
 life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.

200

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
 Whenever death shall come;
 To die in Thee is life to me,
 In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
 I know not which is best;
 To live in Thee is bliss to me,
 To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
 I ask but to be Thine;
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
 Makes heaven forever mine.

201

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
 My Shepherd and my Guide,
 I bid farewell to anxious fear;
 My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
 Where rich abundance grows,
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,
 And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
 My wandering feet restore;
 To Thy fair pastures guide my way,
 And let me rove no more.

202

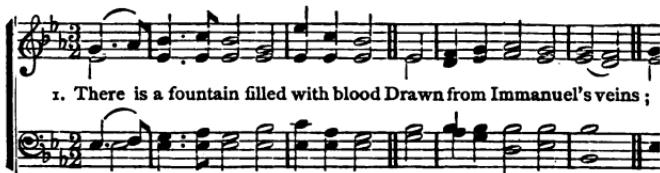
1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed!
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy
 tears;
 God shall lift up thy head!

2 Through waves and clouds and
 storms
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou His time, so shall this
 night
 Soon end in joyous day.

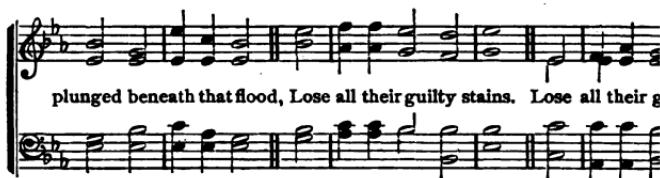
3 What, though thou rulest not,
 Yet heaven and earth and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well!

4 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath
 wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

COWPER. C. M.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;



plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their g

203

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious
blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me :

7 'Tis strung, and tuned
years,
And formed by pow
To sound in God the l
No other name but '

204

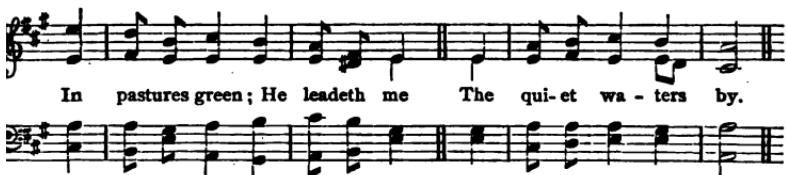
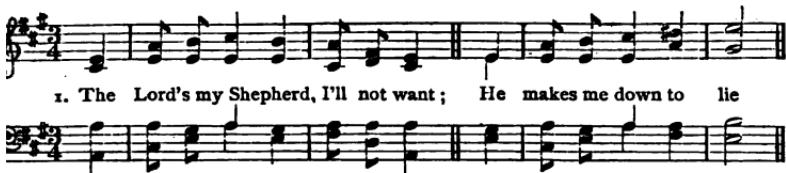
1 THOU art the Way ; to
From sin and death
And he who would the
Must seek Him, Lo

2 Thou art the Truth ; Th
True wisdom can in
Thou only canst infor
And purify the hear

3 Thou art the Life ; the
Proclaims Thy conq
And those who put t
Thee
Nor death nor hell s

4 Thou art the Way, th
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Grant us that Way t
That Truth to keep, th
Whose joys eterna

MELODY. C. M.



205

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;

He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

soul He doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
him the paths of righteousness,
even for His own Name's sake.

, though I walk in death's dark
vale,
et will I fear none ill;
Thou art with me, and Thy
rod
id staff me comfort still.

able Thou hast furnished
presence of my foes;
lead Thou dost with oil anoint,
d my cup overflows.

ness and mercy, all my life,
ll surely follow me;
a God's house for evermore
dwelling-place shall be.

206

1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can
frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
Name,
O Saviour of mankind !

3 O Hope of every contrite heart !
O Joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind Thou
art !
How good to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? Ah !
this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity !

COWPER. C. M.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins ; And

plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty

203

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious
blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me :

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for
years,
And formed by power di
To sound in God the Fathe
No other name but Thine

204

1 THOU art the Way ; to Thee
From sin and death we fly,
And he who would the Fath
Must seek Him, Lord, by

2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy wo
True wisdom can impart
Thou only canst inform the
And purify the heart:

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Proclaims Thy conquerir
And those who put their
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Nor death nor hell shall

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That Truth to keep, that Law
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 In pastures green ; He leadeth me The quiet wa - ters by.

205

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 e quiet waters by.
 but He doth restore again ;
 me to walk doth make
 in the paths of righteousness,
 in for His own Name's sake.
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 'will I fear none ill ;
 'hou art with me, and Thy
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 staff me comfort still.
 ble Thou hast furnished
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 ad Thou dost with oil anoint,
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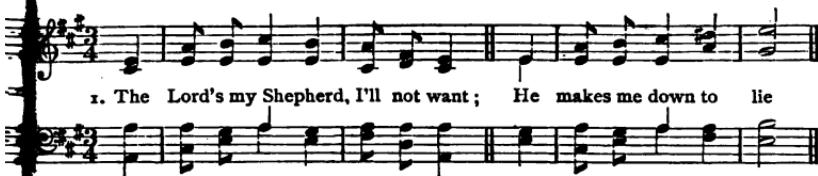
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And he who would the Father
Must seek Him, Lord, by :

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Thou only canst inform the :
And purify the heart :

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205

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He makes me down to lie

In pastures green; He leadeth me The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;

And me to walk doth make

Within the paths of righteousness, Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,

Yet will I fear none ill;

For Thou art with me, and Thy rod

And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishéd In presence of my foes;

My head Thou dost with oil anoint, And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy, all my life, Shall surely follow me;

And in God's house for evermore My dwelling-place shall be.

206

1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name, O Saviour of mankind !

3 O Hope of every contrite heart ! O Joy of all the meek ! To those who fall, how kind Thou art ! How good to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this Nor tongue nor pen can show ; The love of Jesus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou, As Thou our Prize wilt be ; Jesus, be Thou our Glory now, And through eternity !

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

PSALM



207

1 THE Lord | is my | Shepherd ; | I | shall — | not — | want.
 2 He maketh me to lie down in | green — | pastures : | He lea-
 be- | side the | still — | waters.
 3 He re- | storeth my | soul : | He leadeth me in the paths of rig-
 ness | for His | Name's — | sake.
 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
 fear no | evil : | For Thou art with me ; Thy Rod and Thy
 they | comfort | me.
 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | ene
 Thou anointest my head with oil ; my | cup — | runneth | ove
 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of | my
 And I will dwell in the | house | of the | Lord for- | ever.
 Glory be to the Father, &c.

DEUS NOSTER REFUGIUM.

PSALM



208

1 GOD is our | Refuge · and | Strength, | A very | present | H
 trouble.
 2 Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth be | removed,
 though the mountains be carried | into · the | midst · of the |
 3 Though the waters thereof | roar · and be | troubled, | Tho
 mountains | shake · with the | swelling · there- | of.
 4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the |
 God, | The holy place of the tabernacles | of the | Most — | F
 5 God is in the midst of her ; she | shall not . be | moved : | Go
 help her, | and — | that right | early.
 6 The heathen raged, the | kingdoms · were | moved : | He uttered
 voice, the | earth — | melted.
 7 The Lord of | Hosts is | with us ; | The God of | Jacob | is our |
 Glory be to the Father, &c.

Praise.

Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together.—PSALM 34 : 3.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth,
 Which in my Say - iour shine, { I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, {
 And vic with Ga - briel while he sings
 In notes al - most di - vine. In notes al - most di - vinc.

209

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine :

I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect heavenly dress,
 My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne :

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days,
 Make all His glories known.

210

O LOVE DIVINE, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart

All taken up by thee !
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

2 Oh that I could forever sit
 With Mary at my Saviour's feet !
 Be this my happy choice ;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

3 Oh that I could, with favored John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast :
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
 My everlasting Rest !

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy g...
 Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est p...
 Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a...
 Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing lo...

211

2 Herc I raise my Eben-ezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of
God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to
Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

212

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd
Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestow
For the pardoning grace that
me,
And the peace that from it flows
Help, O God, my weak endeavor
This dull soul to rapture raise
Thou must light the flame, or I
Can my love be warmed to purpose?

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sanctifies
thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray
Found thee lost, and kindly brought
thee
From the paths of death away
Praise, with love's devoutest feet
Him who saw thy guilt-born sin
And the light of hope revealing
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. { Hail, my ev - er bless-ed Je - sus, On - ly Thee I wish to sing ; }
 To my soul Thy Name is pre - cious, Thou my Proph-et, Priest and King. }

Oh, what mer - cy flows from heav - en, Oh, what joy and hap - pi - ness !

Love I much? I've much for-giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace !

213

Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay ;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness !
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace !

Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above !
 While, astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless
 love.
 That blessed moment I received
 Him,
 Filled my soul with joy and peace ;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace !

214

1 HAIL, Thou God of grace and glory,
 Who Thy Name hast magnified
 By redemption's wondrous story,
 By the Saviour crucified !
 Thanks to Thee for every blessing
 Flowing from the fount of love ;
 Thanks for present good unceas-
 ing,
 And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly
 Near Thy bright and burning
 throne,
 We invoke Thee, God Most Holy,
 Through Thy well-beloved Son !
 Send the baptism of Thy Spirit,
 Shed the pentecostal fire ;
 Let us all Thy grace inherit ;
 Waken, crown each good desire !

NUREMBURG. 7s.

x. Children of the Heavenly King, As ye journey sweetly
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and

215

2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

216

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' Name!
Ye, who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Welcome all by sin oppres
Welcome to His sacred res
Nothing brought Him from
Nothing but redeeming lov

4 Hither then your music bri
Strike aloud each cheerful
Mortals, join the host abov
Join to praise redeeming l

217

1 PRAISE the Lord, His glori
Saints within His courts be
Angels round His throne:
All that see and share His

2 Earth to heaven, and heaver
Tell His wonders, sing Hi
Age to age, and shore to s
Praise Him, praise Him, ev

3 Praise the Lord, His merci
Praise His providence and
All that He for man hath c
All He sends us through I

4 Strings and voices, hands a
In the concert bear your p
All that breathe, your Lor
Praise Him, praise Him, e

SONG. 8s & 5s.

1. Sing of Je-sus, sing for - ev - er Of the love that changes nev - er!

Who, or what, from Him can sev - er Those He makes His own?

218

1 SING of Jesus, sing forever
 Of the love that changes never!
 Who, or what, from Him can sever
 Those He makes His own?

2 With His blood the Lord hath bought them,
 When they knew Him not He sought them,
 And from all their wanderings brought them;
 His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
 With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
 And through all their way He speeds them
 To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
 Him who came from heaven and sought them,
 Him who by His Spirit taught them,
 Him they serve and love.

WANDERER. L. M. Double.

1. Je - sus, my All, to Heaven is gohe, He that I placed my hop
 His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way till Hi

2. The way the ho - ly Prophets went, The way that leads from I
 The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all the path

219

3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it
 not ;
 My grief, my burden, long have been
 Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power
 I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul ! for I'm the
 Way!"

5 Lo ! glad I come ; and
 Lamb,
 Shalt take me to Thee, a
 Nothing but sin I Thee
 Yet help me, and Thy
 live !

6 I'll tell to all poor sinne
 What a dear Saviour I h
 I'll point to Thy redeem
 And say, "Behold the

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re -
 deem - er's praise! He just - ly claims a song from me:
 His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free! Lov - ing - kind - ness,
 lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free

220

He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate :
 His loving-kindness, oh, how great !
 Though numerous hosts of mighty
 foes,
 Though earth and hell my way op -
 pose,
 He safely leads my soul along :
 His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !
 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered
 loud,
 'Ie near my soul has always stood :
 is loving-kindness, oh, how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
 But though I have Him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;
 Soon all my mortal powers must
 fail :
 Oh, may my last expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death !
 7 Then, let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless
 day,
 And sing with rapture and sur -
 prise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies

GRACE. C. M.

221

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
 fear,
 And grace my fears relieved ;
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and
 snares,
 I have already come ; [far,
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus
 And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures ;
 He will my Shield and Portion be,
 As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall
 fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

222

*I JESUS, these eyes have never seen
 That radiant form of Thine ;*

The veil of sense hangs
 tween
 Thy blessed face and mi
2 I see Thee not, I hear The
 Yet art Thou oft with m
 And earth hath ne'er so dc
 As where I meet with T
3 Like some bright dream t
 unsought
 When slumbers o'er me
 Thine image ever fills my
 And charms my ravishe
4 Yet though I have not :
 Must rest in faith alone,
 I love Thee, dearest Lo
 will,
 Unseen, but not unkno
5 When death these mortal
 seal,
 And still this throbbing
 The rending veil shall T
 All glorious as Thou

3 HUNDRED. L. M.



at One in Three, great Three in One, Thy wondrous Name we sound a-broad;



trate we fall be-fore Thy throne, O Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord!



223

Holy Father, we confess ;
 Holy Saviour, we adore ;
 hee, O Holy Ghost, we bless
 raise and worship evermore.

art by heaven and earth
 ored ;

iverse is full of Thee,
 y, Holy, Holy Lord !
 Three in One, great One in
 tree !

224

all that dwell below the skies,
 e Creator's praise arise ;
 e Redeemer's Name be sung
 gh every land, by every
 ngue.

1 are Thy mercies, Lord ;
 1 truth attends Thy word ;
 1 aise shall sound from shore
 shore
 1 shall rise and set no more.

225

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful
 voice ;
 Him serve with mirth, His praise
 forth tell ;
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
 Without our aid He did us make ;
 We are His flock, He doth us feed ;
 And for His sheep, He doth us take.

3 Oh enter then His gates with praise ;
 Approach with joy His courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless His name
 always ;
 For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why, the Lord our God is good ;
 His mercy is forever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise: Fa - ther All - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!

226

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword ;
 Our prayer attend !
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success :
 Spirit of Holiness,
 On us descend !

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour !
 Thou, who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of Power !

4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore !
 His sovereign Majesty

May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

227

1 GLORY to God on high !
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 Praise ye His Name !
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 And sing for evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb !

2 All they around the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising His Name :
 We, who have felt His blood
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound His dear Name abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb !

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His Name :
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb !

4 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising His Name :
To Him our songs we bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb !

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA.

PSALM 103.



228

1 BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul :
And all that is within me, | bless His | holy | Name.

2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul,
And for- | get not | all His | benefits :

3 Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities ;
Who | healeth all | thy dis- | eases ;

4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de- | struction ;
Who crowneth thee with loving- | kindness · and | tender | mercies ;

5 The Lord is merci- | ful and | gracious,
Slow to anger, and | plente- | ous in | mercy.

6 He hath not dealt with us | after our | sins ;
Nor rewarded us ac- | cording to | our in- | iquities.

7 For as the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth,
So great is His | mercy · toward | them that | fear Him.

8 As far as the east is | from the | west,
So far hath He removed | our trans- | gressions | from us.

9 Like as a father | pitith · his | children,
So the Lord | pitith | them that | fear Him.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And / to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World / without | end. A- | men.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

PSALM 67.



229

- 1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us ;
And cause His | face to | shine up- | on us :
- 2 That Thy way may be | known upon | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people | praise Thee, · O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
- 4 Oh let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy :
For Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations
upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people | praise Thee, · O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ;
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
- 7 God | shall — | bless us ;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | Him.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

Conflict.

I have sought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

S. PAUL'S 2 EP. TO TIMOTHY 4 : 7.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross!

Lift high His ro-yal ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss:

From vic-tory un-to vic-tory His ar-my shall He lead,

Till ev-ery foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.

230

Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
 The trumpet call obey ;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day :
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him"
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
 Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
 Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own :

Put on the gospel armor,
 And watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song :
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be,
 He, with the King of Glory,
 Shall reign eternally.

DOWNS. C. M.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

231

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb!
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be Thine.

232

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name
His Name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise
stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hand
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless
name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with
 vig - or on; A heavenly race de - mands thy zeal,
 And an im - mor - tal crown. And an im - mor - tal crown.

233

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
 Have I my race begun ;
 And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

234

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue ;
 Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
 For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where He goes ;
 Hinder me not ! shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials too,
 I'll go at His command ;
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 Hinder me not ! come, welcome death !
 I'll gladly go with thee !

LYONS. 108 & 118.

1. Though trou - bles as - sail, and dan - gers af - fright;
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite;
 Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide;
 The Scrip - ture as - sures us, the Lord will pro - vide.

235

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed ;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied ;
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost ;
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
 For, though we be strangers, we have a good Guide,
 And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

GOSHEN. 11s.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe-fold-ed I rest;
 He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow,
 Res-tores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.

236

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
 No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
 Oh what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
 I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
 Through the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Ev'n tho
be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song sh
Near- er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near- er to '

237

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

4 Then with my waking th
Bright with Thy praise
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars for
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee.

RAL STREET. L. M.

238

ns and fears prevailing rise,
ting hope almost expires,
Thee I lift mine eyes ;
I breathe my soul's de-
i
not mine, my Living Lord ?
my hope, my comfort die,
Thine everlasting word,
rd which built the earth
sky ?

mortal Saviour lives,
immortal life is sure ;
I a firm foundation gives ;
y I build and rest secure.

my faith unshaken dwell ;
le the promise stands ;
e powers of earth or hell
dissolve the sacred bands.

my soul, Thy trust repose !
s forever mine,
itself, that last of foes,
k a union so divine.

239

1 THE billows swell, the winds are
high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is
small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through
the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, " Peace, be
still ! "

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hopes on
Thee ;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tost and half a
wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I
seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again !

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh re - ceive my soul at last!

240

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall !
Lo ! on Thee I cast my care !
Reach me out Thy gracious hand !
While I of Thy strength receive
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind
Just and holy is Thy Name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within !
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart !
Rise to all eternity !

MESSIAH. 7s. Double.

1. Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bend the a - dor-ing knee;
 When, re-pen-tant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;
 Oh, by all the pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,
 Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!

241

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power ;
 Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye,
 Hear our solemn litany !

3 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,

By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany !

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God,
 Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, reascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany !

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see, A
what I do in an - y - thing, To do it as for Th

242

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend ;
In all I do, be Thou the Way,
In all, be Thou the End !

3 All may of Thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
Even servile labors shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

243

1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy fallen creature's cry,
And show Thyself the sinner's
Friend,
And set me up on high.

2 From hell's oppressive power,
From earth and sin release,
And to Thy Father's grace restore,
And to Thy perfect peace.

3 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea ;

My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from Thee.

4 Oh then impute, impart,
To me Thy righteousness ;
And let me taste how good
art,
How full of truth and grace.

244

1 I WOULD not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God
At every step my blindness o
And ask of Thee the road.

2 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast
The conflicts that Thy strength
ploy
Make me divinely blest.

3 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true !
My Guardian and my Guide di
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim thro

4 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train :
And with Thee Thy glad ca
bring,
When Thou return'st to

DENNIS. S. M.

1. Je - sus, my Strength, my Hope, On Thee I cast my care, With
 hum - ble con - fid - ence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

245

2 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On Thee, Almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts be-
 hind
 The baits of pleasing ill :

4 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

246

1 I WANT a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at Thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray I want,
 Out of the deep on Thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

3 I rest upon Thy word,
 The promise is for me ;

My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from Thee :

4 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide
 Into Thy perfect love.

247

1 THE LORD, who truly knows
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us by His holy word
 To pray, and never faint.

2 Though unbelief suggest
 Why should we longer wait,
 He bids us never give Him rest,
 But be importunate.

3 And shall not Jesus hear
 His chosen when they cry ?
 Yes, though He may awhile forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer ;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause His care.

BARBY. C. M.

1. Lord, teach us how to pray a-right, With reverence and with
 Though dust and ash - es in Thy sight, We may, we must draw:

248

2 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
 With broken, contrite hearts :
 Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts :
 3 Patience to watch, and wait, and
 weep,
 Though mercy long delay ;
 Courage our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust Thee though Thou slay.
 4 Give these, and then Thy will be
 done ;
 Thus strengthened with all might,
 We by Thy Spirit, and Thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

249

1 OH help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore ;
 And when our hearts are cold and
 dead,
 Oh help us, Lord, the more !
 2 Oh help us, through the prayer of
 faith,
 More firmly to believe !
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

3 If, strangers to Thy fold, we
 Imploring at Thy feet
 The crumbs that from Thy tab
 'Tis all we dare entreat.
 4 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
 So Thou wilt grant but this
 The crumbs that from Thy tab
 Are light, and life, and bliss

250

1 I WAIT for Thy salvation, Lord
 With strong desires I wait
 My soul, invited by Thy word
 Stands watching at Thy gate.
 2 Just as the guards, that keep
 night,
 Long for the morning skies
 Watch the first beams of bright
 light,
 And meet them with their
 3 So waits my soul to see Thy
 And, more intent than they
 Meets the first openings of Thy
 And finds a brighter day.
 4 Then in the Lord let Israel t^u
 Let Israel seek His face :
 The Lord is good, as well as
 And plenteous in His grace.

ORETZ. 8s & 7s.

Sav-iour gen-tle, Sav-iour low-ly, Meek and qui-et Lamb of God,
 with pa-tience pure and ho-ly, Sor-row's dreary way hast trod:
 Sav-iour gen-tle, Sav-iour low-ly, Lord of love, re-mem-ber me!

251

2 Thou didst pray in bitter anguish,
 Prostrate in Gethsemane ;
 Thou upon the cross didst languish ;
 Lord of love, remember me !
 Saviour gentle, Saviour lowly,
 Lord of love, remember me !

3 Saviour mighty, Saviour glorious,
 Thou art crowned with thorns no more ;
 Lord and Leader, all-victorious,
 Heaven and earth Thy Name adore
 Saviour mighty, Saviour glorious,
 Lord of life, remember me !

3 Thine the kingdom is forever,
 Thine all might and majesty,
 Death again can hurt Thee never,
 Lord of life, remember me !
 Saviour mighty, Saviour glorious,
 Lord of life, remember me !

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

252

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth re-
move;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

3 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all
snares,
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mo-
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for he-

.IVET. 6s & 4s.

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

av - iour Di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my

silt a - way, Oh let me from this day Be whel - ly Thine!

253

ith looks up to Thee,
Lamb of Calvary,
our Divine !
ear me while I pray,
all my guilt away,
: me from this day
wholly Thine !

hy rich grace impart
th to my fainting heart,
zeal inspire ;
ou hast died for me,
y my love to Thee,
warm, and changeless be,
ing fire !

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside !

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul !

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4, or 8s & 7s.

1. { Guide me, O Thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar -
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow -

Bread of Heav- en! Bread of Heav- en! Feed me till I want -

254

1 GUIDE me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;
Bread of Heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do
flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer !
Be Thou still my Strength and
Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's Destruc-
tion,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

255

1 GENTLY, Lord, oh gently
Through this gloom
tears ;
Through the changes
creed us,
Till our last great
pears.

2 When temptation's dart
When in devious path
Let Thy goodness never
Lead us in Thy perfec

3 In the hour of pain and
In the hour when d
near,
Suffer not our hearts to

Suffer not our souls to

4 When this mortal life is
Bid us in Thine arms
Till, by angel-bands att
We awake among th

The Communion of Saints.

In Worship.

Where two or three are gathered together in My Name there am I in the midst of them.

S. MATTHEW 18 : 20.

DUMAH. 7s. Double.

1. Thou art here! no symbol cloud Hov-ers now a-bove the ark; Fall-en is the
tem-ple proud, Des-o-late the shrine, and dark: Yet wherever two or three Gath-er
in Thy faith and fear, Thou hast promised, Lord, to be: We believe Thee: Thou art here!
in Thy faith and fear, Thou hast promised, Lord, to be: We believe Thee: Thou art here!

256

What though mortal eye in vain
Look Thy very form to see,
What though mortal ear may strain
Hopelessly for sound of Thee;
Thou, the worshippers that bring
Hearts of love, art ever near;
Lord, no other offering
Do we bring Thee: Thou art here!

3 Hither let the angel fly
From the altar, with its flame
All our lips to purify,
For the worship of Thy Name.
Holiness becometh him
Who would in Thy house appear:
Help us like the seraphim
Veil our faces: Thou art here!

OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

257

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship
reign
Through all eternity.

258

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer
saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless Thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill for-
sake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

x. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live,
 Who followed Thee, obeyed, a-dored, Our grate-ful hymn re-ceive. *A-men.*

259

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
 Accept our thankful cry,
 Who counted Thee their great re-
 ward,
 And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life or death,
 With Thee, their Lord, in view,
 Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's
 breath
 To suffer and to do.

For this, Thy name we bless,
 And humbly pray that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in Thee.

260

OH what, if we are Christ's,
 Is earthly shame or loss?
 Bright shall the crown of glory be,
 When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptized in
 blood,
 Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
 Boundless their joy above,
 Where, on the bosom of their God,
 They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours ;
 Like them in faith to bear
 All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
 May be our portion here !

261

1 To God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies,
 Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
 His counsel and His care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and
 death,
 And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before the glory of His face,
 With joys divinely great.

4 To our Redeemer, God,
 Wisdom and power belong,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting song.

MELODY. C. M.

1. Oh how I love Thy ho - ly law ! 'Tis dai - ly my de -

And thence my med - i - ta-tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by

262

1 OH how I love Thy holy law !
 'Tis daily my delight ;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
 To meditate Thy word ;
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear Thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth Thy word my heart en -
 gage,
 How well employ my tongue,
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage
 Yield me a heavenly song !

4 When nature sinks, and spirits
 droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write Thy praise.

263

1 YE saints below, and hosts above,
Join all your praising powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

2 Had I ten thousand hea
 Lord,
 I'd give them all to Thee
 Had I ten thousand tong
 all
 Should join the harmony

3 To Father, Son, and Holy
 The God whom we ador
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

264

1 SHOUT and proclaim the :
 love,
 Ye saints, that taste His
 Join with your kindred sain
 In loud hosannas join.

2 A thousand glories to our
 Who gives such joy as t
 Hosanna ! let it sound abr
 And reach where Jesus i

3 To praise the Father, and
 And Spirit all divine,
 The One in Three, and Thr
 Let saints and angels :

CANAAN. C. M.

How pleasant thus to dwell be - low In fel - low-ship of love!
And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. } The
good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet a - bove; And tho' we part, 'tis
meet to part no more On Canaan's hap - py shore, And sing the ev - er-

Fine. CHORUS.

bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. Oh, that will be joy - ful, joy - ful,
lasting song With those who've gone before.

joy - ful! Oh, that will be joy - ful, To meet to part no more.

265

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are
free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.
Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

3 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways,
That we with those we love may
join
In never-ending praise.
Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, and thro' each heart In Thy full flood of glo - ry pour;

Who with the Son and Fa - ther art One Godhead, blest for ev - er - more.

266

2 So shall voice, mind, and strength conspire

Thy praise eternal to resound ;
So shall our hearts be set on fire
And kindle every heart around.

3 Father of mercies, hear our cry !
Hear us, O Sole-begotten Son
Who with the Holy Ghost Most High,
Reignest while endless ages run !

267

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds ;
How swift the heavenly course they
run

Whose hearts, whose faith, whose
hopes are one !

2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from
sin !

3 *Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;*

Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening
fire ;

Then shall they meet in realms
above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

268

1 O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee !
On Thee alone their heart relies ;
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love ;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

GILEAD. L. M.

1. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And doth Thy cup with love o'er-flow !
 Thith-er be all Thy chil-dren led, And let them all Thy sweetness know.

269

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood !
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
 Was not for them the Victim slain ?
 Are they forbid the children's bread ?
 Oh let Thy table honored be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests ;
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

270

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts !
 Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light of men !
 From the best bliss that earth im-parts,
 We turn, unfilled, to Thee again.
 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
 To Them that seek Thee, Thou art good ;
 > them that find Thee, All in All.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still ;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
 And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

271

1 BODY of Jesus, O sweet food !
 Blood of my Saviour, precious blood !
 On these, Thy gifts, Eternal Priest,
 Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast.

2 Weary and faint, I thirst and pine
 For Thee my Bread, for Thee my Wine,
 Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,
 I journey to the mount of God.

3 There clad in white with crown and palm,
 At the great supper of the Lamb,
 Be mine with all Thy saints to rest,
 Like him that leaned upon Thy breast.

4 Saviour, till then I fain would know
 That feast above by this below,
 This Bread of Life, this wondrous food,
 Thy Body and Thy precious Blood

PENITENCE. 7s & 6s.

1. Lamb of God, whose bleeding love We now re - call to mind,
 Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find;
 Think on us, who think on Thee ; Ev - ery struggling soul re - lease ;
 Oh, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

272

2 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal ;
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

273

1 JESUS, let Thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep !
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep !

Let me be by grace restored,
 Oh be all long-suffering shown,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord !
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart :
 Give what I have long implored,
 Give me of thy grief unknown ;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord !
 And break my heart of stone.

ZEBULON. H. M.

x. One sole bap-tis - mal sign, One Lord be - low, a - bove,
 Zi - on, one faith is thine, One on - ly watchword, love: From
 dif-ferent tem-ples though it rise, One song ascend-eth to the skies.

274

2 Our Sacrifice is one ;
 One Priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone !
 Thou who didst raise Him from the
 dead,
 Unite Thy people in their Head !

3 Oh may that holy prayer,
 His tenderest and His last,
 His constant, latest care
 Ere to His throne He passed,
 No longer unfulfilled remain,
 The world's offence, His people's stain !

4 Head of Thy church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew !

5 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
 Then Christians love and live as one.

275

1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
 On Him alone we build ;
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled :
 On His great love our hopes we place
 Of present grace, and joys above.

2 Oh then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring ;
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing ;
 And thus proclaim in joyful song,
 Both loud and long, that glorious
 Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
 Forevermore draw nigh ;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh ;
 In copious shower on all who pray
 Each holy day Thy blessings pour

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4, or 8s & 7s.

1. { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us now, Thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deeming grace:

Oh re - fresh us, Oh re - fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil - der - ness.

276

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day

ROUSSEAU. 7s. Double.

277 Part in peace, Christ's life was peace; Let us live our life in Him:
Part in peace, Christ's death was peace; Let us die our death in Him:

Part in peace, Christ promise gave Of a life be-yond the grave,

Where all mor-tal part-ings cease: Breth-ren, sis-ters, part in peace

In Work.

As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.
S. JOHN 17:18.

NEWBURY. H. M.

1. Re-joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor-tals, give thanks and sing, And tri-umph ev - er - more: Lift up your heart, lift up your voice; Re - joice, a - gain I say, re-joice.

278

1 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and Heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the Archangel's
voice :

The trump of God shall sound, Re-joice.

279

1 GIRD on Thy conquering sword,
Ascend Thy shining car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage Thy holy war :
Before His wheels, in glad surprise,
Ye valleys, rise, and sink, ye hills !

2 Before Thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of Thy grace,
The grace that conquers all :
The world shall know, great King of
kings,
What wondrous things Thine arm
can do.

3 Here to my waiting soul
Bend Thy triumphant way ;
Here every fear control,
And all Thy power display :
My heart, Thy throne, blest Jesus, set
Bows low to Thee, to Thee alone.

HEBRON. L. M.

1. Je-sus, our best be-lov-ed Friend, On Thy re deem-ing Name we call;
 2. Je-sus, in love to us, de-scend, Par-don and sane-ti-fy us all.

280

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 To fear and follow Thy commands ;
 Oh take our hearts, our hearts are
 Thine,
 Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
 Our Master's voice will we obey,
 Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
 The heat and burden of the day.

4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
 In heaven, at Thy right hand, pre-
 pare ;
 And till we see Thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there.

281

1 O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled ?
 Nor longer might Thy grace endure
 To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
 And preach the Gospel to the poor ?

2 Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;
 With brighter beam Thy servants
 bless,
 Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
 And share Thy kingdom's happi-
 ness !

3 Come, Jesus, come ! and as of yore
 The prophet went to clear Thy way,
 A harbinger Thy feet before,
 A dawning to Thy brighter day :

4 So now may grace, with heavenly
 shower,
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare,
 Sow in our souls the seed of power,
 Then come and reap Thy harvest
 there.

282

1 Go, labor on ; spend and be spent,
 Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
 It is the way the Master went,
 Should not the servant tread it still ?

2 Go, labor on ; enough while here
 If He shall praise thee ; if He deign
 Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
 No toil for Him shall be in vain.

3 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
 For toil comes rest, for exile, home ;
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bride-
 groom's voice,
 The midnight peal : "Behold, I
 come!"

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flowers:

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

283

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon :
 Give every flying minute,
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies :
 Work till the last beam fadeith,
 Fadeth to shine no more :
 Work, while the night is dark' ,
 When man's work is o'er.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1. La-borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil!
dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the so

284

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore ;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith which looks above
With prayer, your constant guest ;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless
love,
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

285

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;

And oh, Thy servant, Lord, pr
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

286

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own ;
We bless Thy providential gr
Which showers its bles
down.

2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round Thy th
With thankful souls behold w
A tribute of Thine own.

3 Let a Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtues wide ;
Hallow and cleanse our every
And all our foiliies hide.

4 Oh may this sacrifice
To Thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume
Presented by His hand.

ADRIAN. S. M.

1. Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,
Ob - serv - ant of His heavenly word, And watchful at His gate.

287

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

288

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their
tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
"Zion, behold Thy Saviour-King ;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,

Which kings and prophets waited
for,
And sought, but never found !

4 How blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God !

289

1 THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long ;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves ;
But he shall come at twilight's clos
And bring his golden sheaves

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount- ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

290

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 *Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?*

Salvation, oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed' nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.

1. Oh that the Lord's salva - tion Were out of Zi - on come, To heal His
 an- cien t na - tion, To lead His outcasts home! How long the ho - ly cit - y
 Shall heathen feet pro - fane? Re - turn, O Lord, in pit - y, Re-build her
 walls a - gain. Re - turn, O Lord, in pit - y, Re-build her walls a - gain.

291

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart ;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart ;
 Let Israel, home returning,
 Their lost Messiah see ;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy church to Thee.

292

1 Now be the gospel banner,
 In every land, unfurled ;
 And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
 Re-echoed through the world ;

Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
 O Jesus, King of kings !
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings :
 The isles for Thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn Thy praise,
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

1. Sav-iour, sprin-kle man - y na-tions, Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;
 By Thy pains and con - so - la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un - to Thee!

293

2 Far and wide, though all unknow-ing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained
 the sight,
 For Thy Spirit new-creating,
 Love's pure flame, and wisdom's
 light !

4 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the
 tongue ;
 Till on earth by every creature,
 Glory to the Lamb be sung !

294

1 CHRISTIANS, up ! the day is break-ing,
 Gird your ready armor on ;
 Slum-bering hosts around are wak-ing,
 Rouse ye ! in the Lord be strong !

2 While ye sleep or idly linger,
 Thousands sink, with none to
 save ;
 Haste ! Time's unerring finger
 Points to many an open grave.

3 Hark ! unnumbered voices crying,
 "Save us, or we droop and die !"
 Succor bear the faint and dying,
 On the wings of mercy fly.

4 Lead them to the crystal fountain
 Gushing with the streams of life ;
 Guide them to the sheltering moun-tain,
 For the gale with death is rife.

5 See the blest millennial dawning !
 Bright the beams of Bethlehem's
 star ;
 Eastern lands, behold the morning ;
 Lo ! it glimmers from afar :

6 O'er the mountain-top ascending,
 Soon the scattered light shall rise,
 Till, in radiant glory blending,
 Heaven's high noon shall greet
 our eyes.

SIBERIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no ce - les - tial ray,
 Sun of Righteous-ness, a - ris - ing, Bring the bright, the glo - rious day :
 Send the gos - pel, Send the gos - pel To the earth's re - mot - est bound.

295

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—

Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;

And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night ;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day !

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;

May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around !

296

1 *LIGHT of them who sit in darkness,
 Rise and shine, Thy blessings
 bring ;*

Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
 Rise with healing in Thy wing :
 To Thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.

2 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and worshiping before Him,
 Serve the living God alone :
 Let Thy glory
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.

3 Thou, to whom all power is givén,
 Speak the word ! at Thy com -
 mand
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread Thy name from land to
 land :
 Lord, be with them
 Alway till the end of time.

BETHUNE. L. M. 6 lines.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the
 rest - less wave, Who bid'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
 own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; Oh hear us when we
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!

297

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters
 heard
 And hushed their raging at Thy
 word,
 Who walkest on the foaming deep,
 And calm amidst its rage didst
 sleep;
 Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,

And bid its angry tumult cease,
 And give, for wild confusion, peace;
 Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's
 hour;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land
 and sea!

Life, Mortal and Immortal.

now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city.—HEBREWS xi : 16.

I'M A PILGRIM.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can
d. c. I'm a pil-grim, &c.

Fine.

tar-ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am

go-ing To where the fount-ains are ev-er flow-ing.

D. C.

298

2 There the glory is ever shining;
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary;
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. Double.

299

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. *Cho.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever ;
Our King says, come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever !

300

WAYFARERS in the wilderness,
By morn, and noon, and even,

Day after day, we journey on
With weary feet towards heaven.
Cho. O land above ! O land of love !
The glory shineth o'er thee ;
O Christ our King, in mercy bring
Us thither, we implore Thee !

2 By day the cloud before us goes,
By night the cloud of fire,
To guide us o'er the trackless waste,
To Canaan ever nigher. *Cho.*

3 Each morning find we, as He said,
The dew of daily manna ;
And ever when a foe appears,
Confronts him Christ our Banner.

4 The sea was riven for our feet,
And so shall be the river ;
And by the King's highway brought
home,
We'll praise his Name forever.

HOME. L. M.

1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can enter there; }
 Its glittering towers the sun out-shine, That heavenly man-sion shall be mine. }

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more;
 To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

301

2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky ;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall
 be,
 I'm going home, etc.

3 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves
 o'erflow ;
 Be mine the happier lot to own,
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.
 I'm going home, etc.

302

1 "We've no abiding city here,"
 This may distress the worldly mind ;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
 2 "We've no abiding city here ;"
 We seek a city out of sight,
 Zion its name, the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.

3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are
 blest,
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest !

303

1 As when the weary traveler gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,
 He eyes his home, though distant
 still :

2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim
 views
 By faith his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the
 prize.

3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day,
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And He will wipe my tears away.

CHINA. C. M. (Original Form.)

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to His arms.

304

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor should we wish the hours more
 slow,
 To keep us from our Love.
 3 The graves of all the saints He
 blessed,
 And softened every bed ;
 Where should the dying members
 rest
 But with their dying Head ?
 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising-day.

305

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home ;
 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

4 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles
 last,
 And our eternal home !

306

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven
 proclaims
 For all the pious dead ;
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;
 How kind their slumbers are !
 From sufferings and from sin re-
 leased,
 And freed from every snare.
 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord ;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

BEULAH. 7s. Double.

307

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty
Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's
might,
More than conquerors they
stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And forever from their eyes
God shall 'e away the tear.

308

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky,—
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die!
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.

2 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head hath gone be-
fore;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath open'd Mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins for-
given;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for
heaven.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest;
 There my Saviour's gone be-fore me, To ful-fil my soul's re-quest.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
 On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den,

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
 Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you—

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you—

309

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient,
 In that holy, happy land. *Cho.*

Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,

But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear. *Cho.*

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn,
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
 Hail with joy the rising morn. *Cho.*

JOYFULLY.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright
 An - gel - ic cho - ris - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly
 spir - its a - bove; } Soon with my pilgrimage ended be - low, }
 haste to thy home; } Home to the land of bright spirits I go; } Pilgrim and
 stran - ger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

310

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore ;
 Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear ;
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow ;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb !
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone :
 Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

REHFELD. C. M. Double.



i. The ro-seate hues of ear-iy dawn, The brightness of the day,



The crim-son of the sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way!



Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heaven, Oh, for the gold-en floor,



Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness That set-teth nev-er-more! *A-men.*



311

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh for a heart that never sins,
Oh for a soul washed white,
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly
hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. *Amen.*

DUTY. S. M.

1. For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im- mor-tal - i - ty!

312

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!
- 5 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

313

- 1 It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the
air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife
To reign with Thee on high.

VARINA. C. M.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
There ev - er -last -ing spring a-bides, And nev - er -withering flower.
Death, like a nar -row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.

314

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood

Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away

3 Oh could we make our doubts remove,

Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

315

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

2 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns
And scatters night away.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's home
And in His bosom rest!

RICH. C. M.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And wipe my weeping eyes.

316

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace, in thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break
up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's
bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and
stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ be-
low,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
 With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?

2. Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beauti - ful riv - er -
 Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

CHORUS.

3. At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

4. Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

318

2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day. *Cho.*

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

SAFE HOME IN PORT.

Safe Home, safe Home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck,

Torn sails, pro-vis-ions short, And on - ly not a wreck: But

oh, the joy up-on the shore, To tell our voy-age per - ils o'er!

319

The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well :
 it he may smile at troubles gone
 ho sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm :
 No more of leaguer'd camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 nd yet how *nearly* had he failed,—
now nearly had that foe prevailed !

4 The lamb is in the fold
 In perfect safety penned ;
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end ;
 But One came by with wounded Side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home !—
 O nights and days of tears,
 O longings not to roam,
 O sins and doubts and fears,—
 What matter now, when (so men say)
 The King has wiped those tears away.

JENNER. 7s & 6s.

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
 Be -neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:
 I know not, oh, I know not What so - cial joys are there;
 What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be- yond com-pare. *A-men.*

320

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 Conjuriant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them ;
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

 3 *There is the throne of David ;*
 And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;

And they who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er see thy face ?
 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er win thy grace ?
 Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part,
 His only, His forever,
 Thou shalt be and thou art !

OAK. 6s & 4s.

I'm but a stranger here; Heaven is my home! Earth is a
 desert drear; Heaven is my home! Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round
 me on ev-ery hand, Heaven is my fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home!

321

2 What though the tempest rage !
 Heaven is my home !
 Short is my pilgrimage ;
 Heaven is my home !
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast ;
 I shall reach home at last ;
 Heaven is my home !

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home !
 I shall be glorified ;
 Heaven is my home
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 And there I, too, shall rest ;
 Heaven is my home !

322

1 Now I have found a friend ;
 Jesus is mine !
 His love shall never end ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though earthly friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace ;
 Jesus is mine !

2 When death is sent to me ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome eternity ;
 Jesus is mine !
 He, my redemption is,
 Wisdom and righteousness,
 Life, light, and holiness,
 Jesus is mine !

BEATA. C. M.

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

CHO. Oh, hap - py home a - bove, Oh, hap - py home a - bove,

Through end-less days we'll sing the praise Of Je - sus and His love.

323

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an
end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimming cloud o'ershadow thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of preciou-
stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

NEW JERUSALEM. 7,6,7,7,7.

1. We are on our jour-ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone;
 We shall meet a-round His throne, When He makes His peo- ple one
 In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

324

2 We can see that distant home,
 Though clouds rise dark between ;
 Faith views the radiant dome,
 And a lustre flashes keen
 ||: From the new :|| Jerusalem.

3 O glory shining far
 From the never-setting Sun !
 O trembling morning-star !
 Our journey's almost done
 ||: To the new :|| Jerusalem.

4 O holy, heavenly Home !
 O rest eternal there !
 When shall the exiles come
 Where they cease from earthly care
 ||: In the new :|| Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now
 Those mansions fair to see ;
 O Lord, Thy heavéns bow,
 And raise us up with Thee,
 ||: To the new :|| Jerusalem.

TRUSTING. 7s.

325

2 Lord, I give my all to Thee—
 Friends, and time, and earthly
 Soul and body Thine to be, [store;
 Wholly Thine, forever more.

Chorus.

3 In Thy promises I trust ;
 Now I feel Thy blood applied ;
 I am prostrate in the dust ;
 I with Christ am crucified.

Chorus.

FAITH. C. M.

326

What did Thine only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath !
 What pain, what labor, to secure
 My soul from endless death ?

3 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes ;
 Oh, may I now receive that gift ;
 My soul, without it, dies.

FIDELITY. L. M. Double.

1. He lead - eth me ! oh, bless-ed thought ! Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught :
 What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where flowers of Eden bloom,
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea— Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me ;
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea— Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.

327

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content wh :ever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 And when my task on earth is done,
 When by Thy grace the victory's won,
 Then death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since even there Thou leadest me.

ART THOU WEARY. P. M.

1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"

328

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?
 "In His feet and hands are wound -
 And His side." [prints,
 3 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?

"Not though earth, and not though
 Pass away." [heaven
 4 Finding, following, struggling, keep -
 Is He sure to bless? [ing,
 "Myriad lips in earth and heaven,
 Answer, Yes!"

JESUS MOST HOLY. P. M.

329 1. Je - sus, most ho - ly, Pray I to Thee; My sin - ful
 2. To this dear ref - uge, Now have I fled; Je - sus, Thy
 fet - ters, Lord, break from me; Take this sad spir - it,
 kind heart For me hath bled; Take now the wan - derer
 Mourning for sin, Back to Thy bo - som,—Lord, take me in!
 Home to Thy rest, Un - der Thy kind wings Shel-tered and blest.

Doxologies.

Gloria Patri.

GLORY be to the Father, and | to the |
Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven's triumph-
ant host
And saints on earth, adore ;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

S. M.

To the eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Coequal honors done.

H. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address :
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

7s.

GLORY to the Eternal One,
Glory to His Only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

8s & 7s.

JESUS, Thou our praise dost me :
Glory ever be to Thee,
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Now and through eternity.

8s, 7s, & 4.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou, the God whom we adore,
May we all Thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore ;
Vast Eternal !
Praises to Thee evermore.

7s & 6s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore :
Earth join with heaven in singin
The praise of pardoning love,
Till the loud anthem swelling
Shall reach the courts above.

6s & 4s.

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore ;
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And to eternity
Love and adore.

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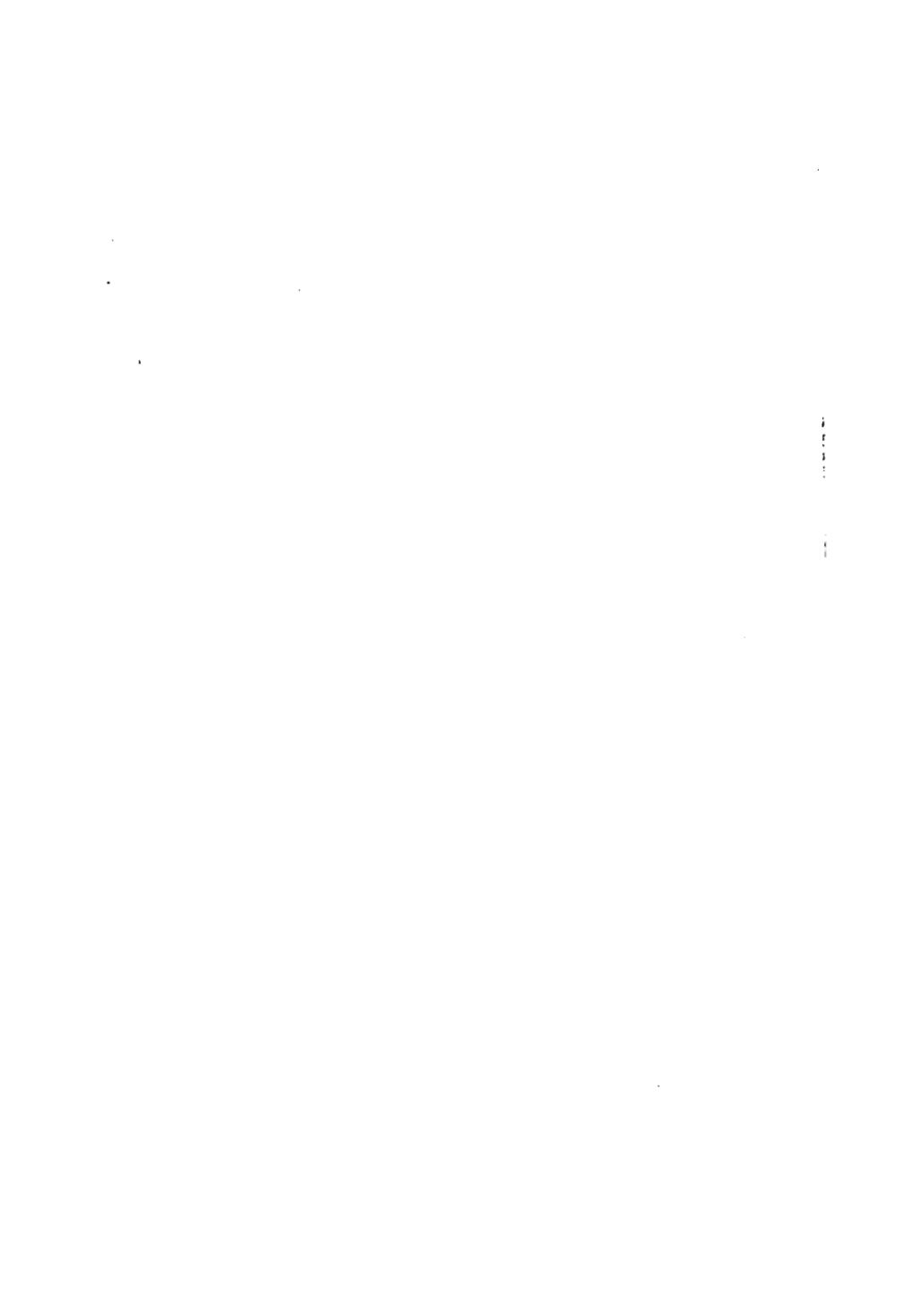
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